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NEW FEATURES

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Poetry.

THE CALENDAR.

THE oyster nestles in his bed,
The clam is in the soup;
From every vacant lot is heard
The base base ball fiend's wild whoop;
In slow procession household goods
Are passing given points,
And men steeped in profanity
Coax wayward stoveepipe joints;
The silly troutlet in the brook
Takes the alluring bait;
Strawberries now come sour and cheap
At twenty cents a plate;
A lover's twilight marks the close
Of every lengthened day—
By signs and tokens such as these
It is the month of May.

CRUELTY TO THE CHILD.

A young boy sits in grim despair
With a book on his writhing knee
And he twists his hands in his uncombed curls,
And he fidgets and cries, "Oh me!
Oh my!
Oh why
Must I
Thus try
To digest Mr. Howells,
In my poor little bowels,
When I might be reading Dickens or Dumaw,
Mayne Reid, Marryatt and many more?
It's enough to make a boy wish himself dead,
Or nehe to punch Mr. Howells's head."
He hurls the book in a corner and plays hookey to the base ball game.

—*To-day.*

Our Story Teller.

MR. CRACROFT'S BREACH OF PROMISE.

GEORGE Cracroft had been established for about two years as a partner in Hick's brewery at Tubworth (where the celebrated Tubworth ales come from), when he wrote the following letter to his old nursery playfellow and companion, Miss Daisy Lightfoot:

MY DEAR DAISY:—I am awfully glad to hear that you are coming down with Kate to our hunt ball next week. I write, first for the purpose of telling you so; secondly, in order to make a request in connection with your visit, which I am afraid you may think rather impudent, but which I hope you will forgive when you hear all the circumstances.

You have heard me mention Minnie Jackman, the professional beauty of Tubworth. I am sure you will not have misunderstood any references that I may have made to the young lady, because you know that I am not a marrying man. I regret to say, however, that a misunderstanding on this point has arisen down here. I suppose, I have given some ground for it, but I assure you that I was quite struck all of a heap when, a day or two since, Papa J. called on me and intimated my intentions regarding his daughter. When I had recovered sufficient breath, I, of course, assured him that I had no intentions of any kind, whereupon he burst into a torrent of incoherent abuse, declaring that I had trifled with an innocent girl's affections, deserved horsewhipping, and so on. In this extremity, Daisy, I am sorry to say that I dissembled. For want of anything better to urge in self-defence, and in order to convince the old boy that it was no use bullying me, I told him that I had never expected that any little attention I might have paid to Miss J. would be misunderstood, since I was engaged already, and had always believed the fact to be generally known. Don't be hard on me; the fib has been amply punished. Papa J. was silent for the moment, but of course he went away and told everybody. As the result, I have had all Tubworth congratulating me, and inquiring the lady's name. Mrs. Hicks has, of course, been more troublesome than any one, and last night, after she had nearly badgered my life out, I told her, in despair, that *you* were the lucky damsel. For the moment I quite forgot that you were coming down here with Kate next week. Now that I have remembered it, I see only three alternatives. The first is to confess the deception to Mrs. H., in which case I am sure that I shall have to tell her, which means telling all Tubworth, how I deceived old Jackman. The second is to persuade you to help me through the mess by coming down in the character of my "intended." Will you do it? It's an impudent thing to suggest, I know, I would not suggest it if I did not see myself in the other alternative, drifting into a marriage with the fair Minnie, which I am sure that no true friend would desire for me. However, I won't press it against your will. Do what you like; but forgive me for taking such liberties with your name, and believe me, Yours ever,

GEORGE CRACROFT.

An impudent suggestion it certainly was, but George and Daisy had always been such fast friends that the impudence of it did not strike Miss Lightfoot very forcibly. On the contrary, being a lively young lady, with a keen sense of fun, she took the idea rather kindly.

"It *would* be fun," she said to herself, laughing as she glanced over the letter again. "I must go and talk to Kate about it."

Now, if there was one person who ought to have warned Miss Lightfoot of the imprudence of any such frolic, that person was Miss Kate Cracroft, in whose house Daisy had received the letter. Not only was Miss Cracraft old enough to have stood almost in *in loco parentis* to Daisy ever since the girl had been left motherless 10 years before, but she was herself looked up to by all her friends as a model of prudence and circumspection.

Unfortunately, however, a real engagement between George and Daisy was the one thing which Kate had been hoping to see ever since the pair had reached a marriageable age; and the wild scheme which they had now got into their heads presented itself to her as a most likely step towards the result for which she was looking. Besides this, Miss Cracroft knew her brother to be a desperate flirt, and quite irresponsible for his actions when there was a good-looking girl in the case. This made her seriously alarmed at what she read between the lines of George's letter, and extremely anxious to see him safely extricated from the Jackman entanglement. Accordingly, her opposition to George's scheme was of a very hollow kind, and the impetuous Miss Lightfoot soon blew it to the winds.

In this way it came about that Miss Daisy Lightfoot arrived at Tubworth in the character of George Cracroft's intended wife. She and Miss Cracroft stayed with Mrs. Hicks, the wife of George's partner; and not Mrs. Hicks alone, but all her friends who had an opportunity of observing it, were agreeably struck at the evidence of mutual attachment afforded by the behavior of George and his sweetheart. George fetched and carried for the young lady in the approved fashion, dangled at her heels, and gazed at her with a fatuous expression when he thought any one was watching him. The pair were observed to squeeze one another's hands at every opportunity, and were perpetually whispering together in corners and behind doors. Altogether, the performance was kept up with wonderful spirit until the hunt ball, when it was interrupted by a *contretemps* of a most embarrassing character.

The dance was in full swing, when Miss Lightfoot and her supposed lover came up hurriedly to where Miss Cracoft happened to be sitting for a moment by herself.

"Kate," said Daisy, with anxiety on her face and dismay in her voice, "what am I to do? Uncle Dick is here. He has come over by accident with some friends, and has just been congratulating George and me on our engagement."

"Good gracious, how unfortunate!" exclaimed Kate. "And what did you say?"

"For the first time on record I did not know what to say. Of course, he put down my silence to maiden bashfulness. But what is to be done! He will be sending off his congratulations to papa by the first post."

"Can't we take him into our confidence now?" suggested Kate.

"You don't know Uncle Dick," replied Daisy. "He would be horribly shocked if he knew the truth, and would think it his duty to tell papa at once, which would make matters worse than ever."

The three conspirators meditated in silence for a time, and then it was agreed, on the suggestion of Cracroft, that Daisy should explain to her uncle that the engagement was a secret for the present, and entreat him to leave her to choose her own time for disclosing it to her father. It was not so easy, however, to find an opportunity for a confidential communication of this kind at a public ball. Before Miss Lightfoot found the opportunity, her uncle had left. As the next best course, she went home and wrote an irresistible little note, imploring her uncle to secrecy, and George took it to the post before he went to bed. But again fate was unkind. Before the letter reached him, Uncle Dick had, or pretended he had, posted off his congratulations to Mr. Lightfoot, and the mischief was done.

The result was soon apparent at Tubworth. In the course of a few hours a peremptory telegraph from her father summoned Miss Lightfoot home. Miss Cracroft accompanied her back to London. On the following morning this epistle reached George Cracroft:

DEAR SIR:—I am utterly astonished at the information which I have just received from my brother. That you should not merely have persuaded my daughter to engage herself to you behind my back, but actually introduce her publicly as your future wife, without even a reference to me, seems to me a piece of unparalleled impertinence. It astonishes me the more, inasmuch as I had no idea that you could consider yourself in a position to keep a wife.

However, I will not waste time in recrimination. I presume that you have some intention of consulting me in this matter, sooner or later, and I want to hear what you have to say on the subject. Yours faithfully,

HAROLD LIGHTFOOT.

"Great scott!" exclaimed Cracroft, as he finished the letter. "This is worse than Papa Jackman! I must go and see Kate about it."

He started for town accordingly as soon as he could make the necessary arrangements. He spent the journey chiefly in meditation upon Mr. Lightfoot's letter. He had got Daisy into a very embarrassing position—that was clear. The Tubworth escapade might pass for a mere harmless joke between themselves as long as no one outside knew the truth; but if the facts came to be known and talked about, Daisy's name would be seriously compromised. That much George saw clearly. He saw, too, that Daisy's father would look at it in the same light. What was his duty under the circumstances? After all, he was very fond of Daisy, if only in a brotherly sort of way. If her father insisted, and she consented, how could he refuse to marry her?

He hinted as much to his sister, as he handed her Mr. Lightfoot's letter.

"No, George, I am sorry to say that it won't do at all," said Kate rather ruefully; for she would gladly have given a different answer.

"And why?" asked George, in some surprise.

"It is rather a long story, but I will explain as briefly as I can. In the first place, Daisy has no desire to marry you—wouldn't do so at any price."

"Oh, thank you!" interjected George.

"And why you didn't like she?"

"Because, my dear boy, she has the bad taste to prefer somebody else."

"Hillyard?" suggested George, after a moment's pause.

"Yes, Frank Hillyard. The fact is that she as good as accepted him a twelvemonth ago; but, as you know, he has hardly a penny to his name himself with—you are a millionaire in comparison—and Mr. Lightfoot peremptorily vetoed the engagement and forbade Frank the house. Daisy, however, will not give him up. They have met from time to time since, and it is understood between them that she is to wait until he has made enough to keep her."

"Artful little minx! She never gave me a hint of this," said Cracroft.

"Why should she? Now, having grasped that fact, George, just see what follows. On her return to town Daisy at once explained to her father the truth about this Tubworth folly. He regretted and stormed—you know what he is when violent, overbearing brute he can make himself when he chooses. He abused Daisy for having, as he said, disgraced herself and forfeited her character, and you for leading her into it. He next swore that he would make you marry her, or punish you as you deserved; and finally he forbade her ever to disclose to any person living that her pretended engagement to you was not genuine. She has been here this morning. Her father's anger and violence have evidently upset her greatly, and she was quite hysterical. She implored me to save her, first from being driven into a marriage with you; secondly, from exposure of the truth about the engagement. Of course, I told her that I would do my best, and now it rests with you to help me."

"Oh, certainly," responded the amiable George. "But if she won't let me marry her I don't quite see what I am to do."

"I will tell you. Daisy is too much afraid of her father to refuse to marry you—or, at any rate, to stand out for long if he insists on it. But you can refuse to marry her, and you must write at once and do so. You had better say as little as possible, and after that you must, of course, keep absolute silence, for Daisy's sake, about the Tubworth affair."

Miss Cracroft sat down then and there and indicated the letter to Mr. Lightfoot. The letter merely stated that George regretted that his intentions should have been misunderstood, and that he was unfortunately not in a position even to think of marrying Miss Lightfoot. Having copied the document faithfully and committed it to the post, George went to bed, and returned next day to his brewing.

Although he had implicit confidence in his sister's judgment, he felt a dismal presentiment that Mr. Lightfoot had not done with him yet. He was right. Within two or three posts he was disagreeably surprised by receiving a letter signed "Wylie, Hawke & Jinks," intimating that that eminent firm had been consulted by Mr. Harold Lightfoot on behalf of his daughter, and that unless within a week Mr. Cracroft signified his intention of fulfilling the promise of marriage which he had undoubtedly given to that young lady, they (W. H. & J.) were instructed to commence proceedings for breach of promise without further delay. Miss Cracroft, to whom, of course, George at once turned for advice, was inflexible in her view that duty to Daisy required her brother to stand firm, even to the length of admitting the promise, if necessary. George stood firm accordingly, and at the expiration of a week he was served with a writ in an action of Lightfoot vs. Cracroft.

It is now necessary to observe how the situation presented itself to Mr. Lightfoot.

In the first instance, this amiable old gentleman had been chiefly actuated by the desire of forcing on a marriage between his daughter and Cracroft, and so for ever ousting the obnoxious Mr. Hillyard. Although he had professed to doubt Cracroft's means, the old gentleman knew him to be possessed of a comfortable little income besides his share in the brewery. Failing this primary result, his kindly desire was to punish Cracroft by a heavy law suit and damages for the Tubworth indiscretion, and at the same time to dispose of the scandal of poor Daisy's connection with that business, of the gravity of which he entertained a rather exaggerated notion. He therefore ordered the action to be pressed on to the bitter end with all speed.

As the trial drew near, however, an unexpected difficulty presented itself. The father had hitherto counted upon his influence over Daisy to overcome any reluctance which the young lady might evince to giving evidence in the witness box against Cracroft. About three weeks, however, before the time at which the trial was expected to come on, Daisy suddenly disappeared. She left a letter behind her in which she stated (1) that her life had become a misery to her; (2) that she could never love or marry any man but Mr. Frank Hillyard; (3) that no consideration should induce her to give evidence against Cracroft in the breach of promise case; on the contrary, if the case were tried, she would come forward, she said, if necessary, on Cracroft's behalf and swear that he had never promised to marry her.

This was a straggerer for Mr. Lightfoot, and the effect of it was increased when he discovered that his rebellious daughter had taken refuge at Miss Cracroft's. As soon as he had mastered his wrath, the old gentleman called on Wylie, Hawke & Jinks, and laid the situation before them. It was small comfort that he got there. The idea of a breach of promise case without the plaintiff, or with the plaintiff figuring as a witness for the defendant was, in the opinion of this intelligent firm, preposterous. They advised point-blank that the action should be settled.

Mr. Cracroft's solicitor, however, on being communicated with, perceived that his client was now master of the situation. He therefore declined any compromise, except on the terms of Mr. Lightfoot paying all the costs. These were now considerable. It was a bitter pill to the old gentleman to pay down a heavy sum in addition to owning himself beaten all round. Was there no way, he asked himself, in which he could bring his daughter to reason?

While he was turning this question over in his mind, he happened to hear of the death of Mr. Frank Hillyard's father—an event which he knew would mean an addition of two or three hundred a year to the income of Daisy's suitor. This piece of news suggested to him a way out of his difficulty. He had played off Cracroft against Hillyard; why should he not now play off Hillyard against Cracroft? With this admirable idea, he dispatched a conciliatory note to Daisy, with one or two hints in it, which had the effect of bringing that young lady back to the parental roof within a few hours. Simultaneously with this, the old gentleman had written a diplomatic note to Hillyard, in answer to which that gentleman also quickly presented himself in person. The lovers were summoned together into the father's presence to hear his proposals.

Mr. Lightfoot's scheme was this: Daisy was to co-operate loyally in carrying on the breach-of-promise action, and to give her evidence at the trial if necessary. On his side, Mr. Lightfoot would, after the trial, give his consent to a marriage between his daughter and Frank Hillyard, and would hand over to Daisy a sum equal to whatever damages might be awarded her in the action, provided no further demands were made upon him in connection with the marriage.

"For instance," he said, "if you get £500, I will make it up to £1,000. If you get a thousand, I will make it up to two. I hope you may." The good gentleman did not add that his solicitors were of opinion that the plaintiff would be lucky if she got a hundred pounds, and was not likely to get more than half that sum. Nor did he express what was really in his mind—namely, that his daughter would thus have every inducement to make the case look as bad as possible for the defendant.

"But is this quite fair to Cracroft, sir?" hazarded Hillyard.

"Why not? Shouldn't we make him pay as much as we can?" returned Mr. Lightfoot. "At any rate, if you do not approve of it, you need not take the money."

"I should like a little time to think it over," replied Hillyard.

"I will give you all this time to-morrow," said the old gentleman rather shortly; "but understand that if you decline this, you will get nothing more out of me."

Whether or not this hint influenced him, it is impossible to tell; but at the expiration of 24 hours Mr. Hillyard had overcome his scruples, and intimated that he and Daisy were content to fall in with Mr. Lightfoot's proposal. The old gentleman was visibly elated at this announcement, for he felt that he now stood to win in any event.

He remained under this impression for two or three days, when his views were somewhat modified by the receipt of the following letter.

LIGHTFOOT VS. CRACROFT.

DEAR SIR:—We enclose copy letter received this day from the defendant's solicitor offering the sum of £2,500 in settlement of plaintiff's claim for damages and costs therein. As this handsome offer far exceeds the best anticipations we could form of the verdict, we presume that you will have no hesitation in accepting it. Awaiting your instructions, we remain, your obedient servants,

WYLIE, HAWKE & JINKS.

"What is the matter, papa?" inquired Miss Lightfoot, astonished at the exclamations which burst from her father as he finished reading the letter.

Mr. Lightfoot's only answer was to toss the document towards his daughter.

"But I don't understand it," said Daisy, when she had read the letter. "What does it mean?"

"It means, I suppose," said her father, "that I shall be asked to hand over £2,500 to you and young Hillyard. But I'll not do it; I swear I won't. It's a fraud—a fraud upon me between Hillyard and Cracroft. I will not be bound by any promise I have made under such circumstances!"

He repented this declaration a few hours later at a somewhat warm interview with his would-be son-in-law.

"Excuse me, sir," replied Hillyard. As the promise was entirely voluntary on your part—as, in fact, the suggestion emanated from you, I feel that I am entitled to hold you strictly to the arrangement."

"Oh! you do, do you?" replied the father. "And how do you propose to effect it?"

"In the event of your receding from your bargain, I shall feel compelled to inform Mr Cracroft of the whole circumstances of your understanding with your daughter and me in regard to the breach-of-promise case. I need hardly remind you that the law of conspiracy is very wide, and that there is such an offense known to English law as suborning perjury."

It is sufficient to add that Mr. Lightfoot did not recede from his bargain, but handed to his daughter on her wedding day, a check for £5,000, which of course, included the £2,500 paid by Cracroft.

"And you arranged it all with George, Yes; I understand that," said Daisy to her husband not long after. "But where did the money come from?"

"I raised the £2,500 with Cracroft's assistance, and then passed the amount on to him, and he, in due course, transferred it to your father, who, as you know, handed it over to you with his own £2,500. Now, of course, we must at once return our £2,500 decoy to the source from whence it came. The £2,500, however, which your father kindly added to it will give us a comfortable start in life."

"Ah! I see it all now," remarked Daisy; "and, at the same time, I understand why poor papa gave me such a queer look when he told me that I had got a very clever husband."—*London Truth.*

CURIOUS TASTES.

Parrots, though tough, are eaten in Mexico.

The Cingalese, after robbing the bee of its honey, eat it.

The Normans used to eat the crane, curlew, bustard, and heron.

The Turks, not very squeamish in their diet, will not touch oysters.

In Corsica the octopus is first boiled and the roasted, and is esteemed a delicacy.

Sea birds are rarely eatable, their flesh being overpoweringly full flavored and strong.

Ants are consumed in Brazil, served with a resinous sauce, while in Siam they are taken curried.

Lizards' eggs are devoured in the Pacific Islands, while the natives of the Antilles eat alligators' eggs.

The West Indian negroes refuse to touch stewed rabbit, but eat palm worms fried in fat and baked snakes.

It is related of William the Conqueror that he struck his favorite, William Fitz-Osborn, for bringing a half-roasted crane to table.

The ancient Britons are reported to have held it wrong to eat fowls, geese and hares, though they bred and reared them for pleasure.

They Can't Get Rid of This Nickel.

About a year ago some wag polished off a nickel till it only resembled the coin of the realm in size and color. After it had dropped into the bottom of the bobtail car box the driver eyed it suspiciously, and, evidently thinking the other side of the coin might be all right, he gave the decisive pull and let it pass. From that time to this the company has been endeavoring to get that nickel back on the rascally public. But, strange to say, every man who tears open the little envelope containing it and its companion piece always chucks the smooth nickel back into the box. Of course no driver can now complain, because the coin always comes out of the company's package. During its first year of service it has taken about 2,190 trips, and, as it is getting thinner and smoother all the time, there is no hope of its ever escaping street car service, except through the romantic charity of some kind deliverer or through the final dissolution of the company corporation.—*Baltimore American.*

A Married Man's Mock.

Mrs. Jason—Well, they have found the missing link at last, so the paper says. I hope they are satisfied. I don't see what men want to waste time and money on such foolishness for, anyhow.

Mr. Jason—If you had read the article through perhaps you might have found out why men have searched so ardently for the missing link. If I remember correctly it is stated that the supposed missing link is absolutely destitute of chin.—*Terre Haute Express.*

ONLY A BABY'S HAND.

GREAT time to-night," the drummer said,
As to supper they sat them down;
"To-morrow's Sunday, and now's our chance
To illuminate the town."

"Good!" cries Bill Barnes, the jolliest—
The favorite of all;
"Yes, let's forget our troubles now
And hold high carnival."

The supper done, the mail arrives;
Each man his letters scanning,
With fresh quotations—up or down—
His busy brain is cramming.

But Bill—"why what's come over him—
Why turned so quick about?"
He says—just as his pards start forth;
"I guess I won't go out."

His letter bore no written word,
No prayer from vice to flee;
Only a tracing of a hand—
A baby's hand—of three.

What picture comes before his mind—
What does his memory paint?
A baby at her mother's knee—
His little white-robed saint.

What cares a man for ridicule
Who wins a victory grand?
Bill slept in peace, his brow was smoothed,
By a shadowy little hand.

Nought like the weak things of this world
The power of sin withstand;
No shield between man's soul and wrong
Like a little baby hand.

—*W. H. H., in the Chicago Journal.*

HE RESTED HIS POOR ARM.

Poor Old Uncle Roundpaunch's Funny Experience on a Car.

Uncle Roundpaunch (that isn't his name, but it will do) is more than middle-aged and very near-sighted, says the San Francisco *Examiner*, but his heart is young, even if his right foot is swollen, and his chestnut curls are infrequent.

Uncle Roundpaunch was on his way to pay a three days' visit to a friend at San Rafael.

It was evening when he crossed the bay, and the cars were no better lighted than they usually are. Uncle Roundpaunch seated himself beside a plump female form, the face of which was heavily veiled. Soon the old gentleman's arm was extended along the back of the seat. It touched the lady, who shrunk away.

"I meant no offense, miss," said he, in a fatherly tone, "but my arm has been broken, and I cannot let it hang down without great pain."

She nodded the acceptance of the apology, and they rode on in silence. But that broken arm kept getting closer and closer, until at last it reposed very snugly around the lady's waist. After the first shrinking she made no resistance, but kept her face averted.

His friend awaited him at the station. As Uncle Roundpaunch helped the lady from the car his friend spoke to her.

"Well, Mary, did you order those potatoes?"

It was his friend's colored housekeeper, and she leered at poor Uncle Roundpaunch during the whole three days of his visit.

For All Animals but Man.

"I would like to rent the large room on the second floor of your livery stable for the purpose of instructing a brass band just organizing."

"As the proprietor of the stable, I should be glad to let you have the room, sir, but as a member of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, it is my duty to tell you that if you don't get out of here in just ten seconds by the watch, I will have you kicked out, you heartless wretch."—*Chicago Tribune.*

His Only Hope.

Henry (married six months)—"I fear my wife's love is growing cold. She used to come to the office two or three times a day, but she never comes now. What shall I do?"

Frank—"Have you a typewriter?"

"No, but I can get one cheap."

"Do so. Then get a pretty girl to operate it, and your office will be full of your wife."—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Revenge of Time.

Tapeyard—Who is that stunning girl you raised your hat to?

Ribbonley—Miss Goldie Bullion.

Tapeyard (timidly)—She didn't return your courtesy. Perhaps she doesn't know you.

Ribbonley (bitterly)—No! she doesn't know me now; but when I am the only young man at Ocean Foam next summer she will not only know me, but pine for me in vain.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Too Much Fuss.

Edith's aunt said she might get four caramels from a plate in the closet. I am very sorry to say she took five, but she wasn't quite happy while eating them. She was very still for some time, and then asked: "Auntie, does God know how many caramels I took?"

"Yes, Edith."

After another long silence, she broke out: "Well, I shouldn't think he would make such a fuss about one caramel."—*Wide Awake.*

She's So Sensitive.

Miss Pertly: "I am afraid I will never forget my parents for the first name they saddled me with when I was too young to defend myself." Miss Flirty: "That reminds me, dear, I never did hear your first name. What is it?" Miss Pertly: "They called me Eve. I always feel as if every one who hears it is thinking about fig leaves and all that sort of thing.

Serenely Secure.

Sympathizing friend—"Wern't you awfully scared when you saw that the fellow had you covered with a pistol?"

Hardware merchant—"I was at first until I recognized the gun as one I had sold the day before for $1.50. Then I sailed in and knocked the stuffing out of him."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Just Like It, Only Different.

Mr. Goneaway—"I want a sportsman's knife; a good one; I'm going into the woods for a week's fishing." Dealer—"Here's just what you want, sir; pocket knife, convenient size; good steel; four blades and a corkscrew." Mr. G.—"That isn't exactly it; gimme one with four corkscrews and a blade."—*Burdette.*

A Friendly Critic.

Stamp clerk (at postoffice window)—You'll have to pay letter postage on this package. It's first-class matter.

Persevering Author (about to send his manuscript on its seventh trial trip)—Ah thank you! Couldn't you get a position as editor somewhere?—*Harper's Weekly*

Business Is Business.

Benevolent individual—"Yes, sir, I hold that when a man makes a little extra money his first duty is to make his wife a present of a handsome dress."

Ordinary individual—"You are a social philosopher, I presume?"

"No, I am a dry-goods dealer."—*New York Weekly.*

A Polite Way to Express It.

Clerk (detected in stealing jewelry)—I—I—well, I—I didn't expect you back so soon.

Employer—I suppose you didn't, sir; but I always like to be about when my clerks are taking stock.—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

And by Far the Worse.

"A wealthy young man ruined by new wheat," read Mrs. Talkene. "This is sad," she commented, "but thousands of wealthy men are ruined by old rye, and the papers don't say anything about it."—*New York Ledger.*

Things One Would Rather Have Left Unsaid.

Miss Bugge—Oh, but mine is such a horrid name!

Young Brown—Ah—a—um—I'm afraid it's too late to alter it, now.—*London Punch.*

BLUSHES AND MUCH LAUGHTER.

George Gets Into Trouble by Mistaking a Pretty Girl for His Mother.

An eminently respectable-looking matron and her two children came over on a Cortland street ferry boat yesterday afternoon. One of the children was a boy about 14 years old, whom his mother called George. The other was a girl and young. As they left the ferry George was greatly interested in the animated scenes about him, and lagged behind his mother and sister.

A fashionably-dressed and modest-looking young woman who was walking in the crowd came along, and as she reached George's side he reached up in the most natural matter-of-fact way, and without looking at her thrust his arm through hers and walked along with her. She stared at him speechless with amazement and gasping for breath.

"Mamma," he said, "what street is this?"

Just then the boy's mother, who was fifteen or twenty feet ahead in the crowd, looked around, and was astounded at the spectacle of her son walking arm and arm with a strange young woman. Without a word she strode swiftly up to George and smote that astonished youth three times on the ear, with a hand of ample size. Then she turned on the young woman, who had not yet recovered her senses, and gave her a piece of her mind.

"I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself, and at your age, too, trying to lead this innocent boy astray. I've a mind to have you arrested."

By this time the young woman was ready to die of confusion and surprise, the crowd was gaping and laughing at the scene, and George was trying to explain that he had mistaken some one else for his mother. But the matron would not hear him.

"You wait until you get to your Aunt Mary's, young man, and I'll settle with you," she said, as she yanked him up the elevated railroad steps.—*New York Herald.*

FOUR LITTLE ONES.

Depicting Social Foibles of the Passing Hour.

He had been screwing up his courage for months, and had succeeded only so far as to gain her acceptance of a dainty lace pin. Apropos she remarked: Mabel—"That pin you wear, Jack, is hideous! The design is 20 years out of date at least. You ought to discard it and have the diamond set in a ring." Jack (showing a very ugly extremity)—"Yes; a diamond on that hand would look nice, wouldn't it?" Mabel—"Oh, well, I didn't say whose hand."—*Boston Beacon.*

Minnie—"Won't you come to the kissing sociable to-night?" Mamie—"What's that?" Minnie—"Why, the young men are blindfolded and allowed to kiss the girls, you know. It's for charity's sake, you see." Mamie—"No, I think I won't go. A young man might kiss you for charity's sake—if he were blindfolded, but I can get along very well under present conditions."

Omaha Man—"You naughty boy, Dick, don't you know better than to ask people how much money they have? I hope you will excuse the child, Mr. Nicefellow." Mr. Nicefellow—"Of course, of course. The little fellow didn't know what he was talking about." Little Dick—"Yes I did, too. Sis said she wished she knew, and I wanted to tell her."—*Omaha World.*

"Charlie stayed pretty late last night, didn't he, Lil?" asked sister Kate the next morning. "Yes," said Lil, sleepily. "We were trying the pigs in clover puzzle till nearly 11 o'clock." "And did you get the pigs in the pen, Lil?" asked Kate, eagerly. "No, we didn't; but I got my finger in his solitaire diamond ring."—*Somerville Journal.*

AFTER RAIN.

DARK storms of rain have passed away,
Leaving the blue skies bare, and lo!
Above the odorous field of May
Red sunset arches glow.

The hawthorn boughs are wet with drops
That flash and sparkle, each a star;
Bird music chimes in every copse,
Re-echoed from afar.

On wings with Summer fancies fraught,
The blue-black swallow sweeping by
Cuts, like an unexpected thought,
The silence of the sky.

I hear the laughter of a child
Down where the meadow banks are all
Fretted with shifting lights and wild,
And dreamy shadows fall.

I see two passing, where I stand;
I catch the sweet soft undertone;
But they are walking hand in hand,
And I am here alone.

—*S. A., in McMillan's Magazine.*

ODDS AND ENDS.

Terre Haute Express: When two women fight the result is apt to be on the Mugwump order—considerable scratching by both parties.

Funny Folks: Father—"You young rascal, haven't I told you not to smoke?" Son—"Please, papa, I'm not smoking; I'm keeping it a light for another boy."

Nebraska State Journal: Telegrams from London would indicate that Explorer Stanley is like a ladies' pocket. We all know that he is somewhere, but no one can find him.

Omaha Republican: Swiley—Had a fine lot of wines at Col. Blowout's banquet, didn't we? Smiley—Indeed, I was quite carried away with it. Smiley—Yes, I understood you could not walk home.

He was Prepared.

A traveling missionary had been through a very rough country, and his meek spirit had been sorely tried. He had found the spirit of irreverence and disbelief all over the land, and the ground was very stony. But he left in despair when he struck an old man at a railway station in Texas. They were both waiting for the train. They discussed various things, and finally the missionary asked: "Are you prepared to die?" "I guess you've always got to be prepared in this country. Yes; I'm prepared to die or get the drop on the other fellow." "I don't mean that. Are you prepared for a hereafter?" "A hereafter! Look here, stranger, I was brought up in Arkansaw, an' I went from there to Missouri, an' from there I came to Texas, an' I've lived here ten years. I guess I can stand any hereafter as may be."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Source of Untold Misery.

Fashionable culture of the day is entirely too light and worthless. It doesn't extend to every day life, but stops at the drawing-room. That is a bad point for it to stop, because many of the good impressions formed within the limits of this room are dispelled by street manners and general conduct.

A man doesn't want a wife who is charming in the drawing-room and a hoodlum in the street; neither does he want one who is an angel in the parlor and a firecat in the kitchen and family sitting-room.

Let the culture of our girls be broad and their education general and practical. Teach them something about themselves, their mission in this life, and the duties that may fall to their lot. Ignorance as regards the practical things in life is the source of untold misery to the average girl.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

Hand or Tooth.

Pleasant Alternative—The dentist's daughter (who hears her father approaching): "Oh, dear, Edward, here comes my father. If he should find us together here we are lost. Oh, he is coming! You will have either to ask for my hand or—let him pull out a tooth for you."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

A Dangerous Dog.

"I had once a dog that was so clever that he could easily distinguish rogues from honest people, but I had to give him away, for one day he bit me."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Our New Serial Story.

NELLIE'S MARRIAGE;

WAS IT A FAILURE?

BY MRS. E. M. DAVY,

Author of "Jack Dudley's Wife," "A Prince of Como," "Between Man and Wife," etc., etc. Now first published in America.

CHAP. VII.—A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

WILL any woman—married or single—who reads these "confessions" try, for one moment, to imagine herself in my place? Taking even the most cheerful view of the situation, what, I wonder, would she think? What would she do?

My husband had been suddenly and most inopportunely called away on business. That was all I knew. Of the nature of that business or the names of persons connected therewith I was completely ignorant, and this not through any fault of his, but simply my own. I had forbidden him to talk of business in my presence. For the last two weeks he had daily expected a summons to London or Southampton; but that summons—so far at least as I was aware—had never come. He had gone off seemingly at a moment's notice, saying he would return in an hour. It was next morning now, and still he did not come.

The feelings that assailed me with the dawn were altogether different from those I had experienced the night before, when wearied out with waiting. I had given way to tears of mortification and humiliation on realizing my own forlorn position. Now I thought less of myself and more of Philip. I could not divest my mind of the fear that some evil might have befallen him; yet I was powerless to aid him in any way so as to relieve that fear. I had my breakfast carried to the bed to look as though it had been slept in, put on my travelling dress, and breakfasted. The apartments were situated in the quietest part of the hotel, and the sound of street traffic was like the distant and subdued roar of the sea. The view from the windows consisted of roofs and chimneys and smoky sky. I felt I could not endure to remain indoors—that going out into the air might break the spell, and that when I came back Phillip would be there.

I dressed myself in nervous haste, and descended the stairs; and though many persons were passing up and down I never once noticed me that I could know any of them, until, when I reached the hall, a gentleman raised his hat, and I recognized

the tall figure and weather-beaten features of Maj. Hamilton Higgins. His expression was one of kindly interest, which immediately caused me to wonder if I looked unhappy, or in any way an object for compassion. This fear prompted me to assume a gaiety and carelessness I was far—very far—from feeling.

"Good morning," he said. "Meeting you again seems kind of homelike after travelling together yesterday. Been in London before?"

"Oh, many times. I love London."

"This is my first visit, and I've been seeing around already, this morning. Your husband well?"

"Quite well, thank you."

"Looked real sick, yesterday. You'll excuse me passing the remark?"

"My husband has good health generally, but has been rather worried about business matters lately. I read that murder case last night," I said pointedly, to change the subject.

"And you found it interesting?"

"Very. Do you think they have got the real murderer?"

"You've not seen this morning's account?"

"No."

"Then read it. I won't spoil the interest by telling you. I've concluded to attend the inquest on the victim at 12 o'clock. Are you waiting for your husband to go for a walk around?"

"He is out. I am going—"

Here I hesitated, and he filled in the sentence in a way that earned my gratitude.

"You're going to join him, and I'm detaining you. Allow me to see you across the pavement."

With a stately courtesy that seemed a part of his nature, he escorted me to the other side; then left me, and I walked quickly along the Strand, returning to the hotel shortly after noon; but, alas, to find no Philip—neither was there any news of him.

I could not settle to read or work; music alone had power to soothe me. But, strange to say, as the day advanced, I became more reconciled to my position, and entirely lost all feeling of fear that evil might have befallen Philip. I reasoned thus: Is must sometimes happen that men's business affairs detain them hours even days—longer than they expect. Had I been married a few years instead of as many hours, I should probably treat the matter lightly. Then why not do so now? Perhaps Philip had been compelled to run down to Portsmouth, without a chance of letting me know. He *must* return to-morrow, for that night we were bound to go on board the ——; then—how we would laugh together over his mysterious flight and my discomfiture! His explanation would be so simple I should be lost in wonder that I had not thought of it.

I wrote to Dora—announcing our arrival in London, and repeating my promise to send a line from Southampton on the morrow. Then I dressed for dinner as on the previous evening, and was returning to the sitting-room, when the waiter appeared, followed by Griffiths, who, first assuring herself that I was alone, and the man gone, exclaimed:

"O ma honey, but aa thowt aa'd nivor find ye! Wey, they divvent knaa the nyems iv ony body in this big hoose. They just noomber ye like convics. An' hoo are ye, ma dearie, an' whor's Mr. Lorraine? Whor's yor good man?"

"Oh, I'm very well, and . . . and . . . enjoying London immensely——"

I blushed furiously as I spoke this barefaced fib. "Mr. Lorraine is out at present, so sit down, Grif, and tell me how you got here, how you left everybody, and if the Indian luggage is in the hall all right?"

"Oh, aye! That's reet eneuf. An' aa browt heaps o' messages. The vicar an' Mistress Scroley—she's peart as ivor—cam thorsels to se us off. An' them fisher lasses—Oh, they bin nigh the death o' me. Born niggors canna be warse!"

"Dear girls! Perhaps you'll find it easier to get reconciled to the 'blacks Griffiths!'"

"Mebbes," she said dryly. "But aa'm botherin' ye. Let me gan to ma room an' hev a wash; Lunnon's blacker nor and Newcassel. Ye leuk rare an' bonny, m'am, as a wife—I mun think o' ye as misse ne langer."

A room adjoining had been prepared for Griffiths, and I told her, after she had had her tea, to come back, for her talk enlivened me.

I had begun my solitary dinner when she returned, looking almost dignified in her plain blue-black silk gown, her comely face shining with soap, her greyish hair closely banded beneath what was in fact only a slight modification of the old "mob-cap."

"Sit down, Griffiths," I said, "and while I dine please tell me about your journey here."

"But—the maistor?"

Dear worthy soul! How I loved to hear her use the good old-fashioned term. For it told me she accepted Philip as her bairn too. Had the waiter not been present, I believe I should have got up and kissed her on the spot.

"When he comes, you can go through to your room at once."

The smile died from her face, and I felt that she was looking at me keenly. She took the seat indicated, but as long as the waiter lingered she only replied in monosyllables; when we were once more left to ourselves, she said:

"Aa divvent like te see ye dinin' nall alane, mistress, an' a

Recent Literature.

GRAVE, GAY AND OTHERWISE;

The Primitive Family in Its Origin and Development—A London Life—The Story of Vermont—Modern Manners and Social Forms—Antoinette—June Magazines—Literary Notes.

"The Primitive Family in Its Origin and Development," by Prof. C. N. Starcke, Copenhagen, is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, in their excellent International Scientific Series. This work is a discriminating contribution to the influences which preserve social order. He argues that the family bond is what will keep man safe from anarchy, and is one of the vital elements in his elevation in the past, and will be in the future. The first gatherings into tribes and clans are detailed, then the gradual evolution of the family described, this occurring when men ceased preying upon each other, and a permanency of interest was evolved.

The body of theory on the subject of the primitive human sexual and filial relations has been as confused and contradictory as the field of modern observation in the matter in savage counties is various and difficult of study. But the author reasons vigorously against many of the positions of previous writers on the subject. He combats, for instance, the idea of an early established system of polyandry, or plurality of husbands, ascribing the existence of the fact itself, where found, to the degeneracy from monogamy under certain circumstances. Equally does he oppose the common theory of promiscuity in the earliest relations of the sexes. Of the intermarriages of kindred he has little more than the common facts to give and is not particularly original in his speculations. Where he most differs from other writers is in magnifying social considerations in the preservation of the family, even to the extent of illegitimate inheritance and at the expense of the tie of blood. In was originally more of an object in marriage to have children and their services to the household than to cultivate conjugal happiness. And the same primitive motive may be said to rule to-day in proportion to the poverty or slender means of the family. The author takes the view, as to woman's admission to all the affairs of life, that it means fewer children born, if not scantier nurture for those who are born.

Macmillan & Co., New York, bring out four of the stories of Henry James, under the title of "A London Life," which is the first. The other three are "The Patagonian," "The Liar," and "Mrs. Temperly." The heroine of the first is a "fast" American girl, married to a stupid Englishman. The pair are in the "swim" of fashionable London life, and are both equally heartless and unprincipled. After many shocking scenes of domestic infelicity, the climax is reached with the wife's elopement and a subsequent divorce. "The Patagonian" is the name of an ocean steamer. It is the scene of a tragedy. An American girl going out to England to marry a man for whom she does not care very much is flirted with by a handsome Bostonian. Finding he is trifling with her, she jumps overboard. "The Liar," which appeared in *The Century*, is a capital character study, as is also "Mrs. Temperly." The first story, "A London Life," appeared in *Scribner's*. Mr. James seems to have a peculiar opinion of American girls, judging from the characteristics which he always gives to them in his stories. Nevertheless they are always made decidedly entertaining.

In the "Story of the States," published by D. Lothrop & Company, Boston, comes "The Story of Vermont," the fourth of the series now being issued by this publishing house. The author of the present volume is John L. Heaton, and a very good piece of work he has done. For forty years there has been no history of this state written, so that Mr. Heaton has had practically a new field to labor in. That he has labored conscientiously and well, few readers of his entertaining story will deny. He has presented not only for Vermonters, but for Americans, a connected, practical and entertaining story of the early times of the Green Mountain commonwealth, adding to this an account of the more recent events that have escaped public attention, and has included in his record, as far as possible in the space at his command, the growth of arts and learning, the development of industry, and the evolution of laws, customs and institutions to meet the needs of a gracious, temperate and valiant people. The illustrations by Mr. Bridgman are exceedingly fine, and well supplement the text.

"Modern Manners and Social Forms," by Mrs. Julia M. Bradley, is another one of the many books upon matters pertaining to society and the customs that prevail in what is considered the best everywhere. The book is compiled from the latest authorities. It includes forms of invitations, social and business letters of all kinds. It also gives suggestions about the toilet. The work seems to have been prepared with care, and an effort made to give just what people in society who are frequently puzzled over apparently small matters want to know. It is a handsomely gotten up volume, with clear type, and neatly bound. Published by James D. Smith, 232 West Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston, announce the beginning of a series of books for young people upon History, Biography, Mechanics, Travel, Natural History, etc., by the best authors. Fiction will not necessarily be excluded, but it will not form the main feature. It is named the Riverside Library. The first volume issued is "The War for Independence," by John Fiske. The story is told in a straightforward way that is calculated to attract and hold the attention of the young. It contains about 200 pages, is prettily bound, and is sold at 75 cents.

J. B. Lippincott & Company, Philadelphia, issue "Antoinette," by Georges Ohnet, the well known author of "The Ironmaster." Like all the works of this author, it is strongly written, and cannot fail to keep the interest of the reader from beginning to end, for long though the story is, it is full of striking incident. It is published in paper covers.

In the International series, published by Frank E. Lovell & Co., New York, comes "John Herring," by S. Baring Gould, author of "Court Royal," etc. It is a West of England romance. Paper cover; 50 cents.

The People's Publishing Co., New York, issue "The Last of the Thorndikes," by James R. Gilmour (Edmund Kirke), the author of "Among the Pines," "The Rear Guard of the Revolution," etc. Paper covers. Price 50 cents.

From G. W. Dillingham & Co., New York, comes in pamphlet form a novel with the very suggestive title of "The Devil and I." The name of the author is not given, but a story is told of wild villainy in which hypnotism plays the principal part. There is a true and a false love portrayed and bitter revenge. It is not a healthful story in any sense.

Literary Notes.

Dr. Schliemann is now in London and is busy preparing for a new excavation.

"Can You Love Sin?" by Mark Douglass, a Chicago author, has just been published by Peterson Brothers, Philadelphia.

The library of the late General Gordon has just been presented to the Southampton Free Library by Miss Gordon.

Sir Edwin Arnold's forthcoming book, "In My Lady's Praise," is a collection of poems written in honor of his dead wife.

William Black is said to prefer "Madcap Violet" to any of his other novels. Mr. Black's new novel deals with theatrical and literary life in London.

Current Literature has passed through its first year very successfully and is doing well. The entire originality of the periodical may explain this fact.

Edna Lyall's new story, "Derrick Vaughn, Novelist," now running in *Murray's Magazine*, will be published in book form at once by Messrs. Methuen & Co., London.

"Bella's Choice," the story of a contrast in homes, by Harriet Prescott Spofford, will appear in the number of *Harper's Young People* to be published June 4.

A Philadelphia lady says that Tolstoi is in a great measure responsible for Miss Kate Drexel's retirement from the world, she having been early impressed with his works—about the only fiction she permitted herself to read.

The *Woman's World* for June opens with a frontispiece representing a portrait of Mme. Reconnier, which an article on Miss M. E. Hawker delightfully supplements.

THE SEMI-ANNUAL RECORD.

Its Enormous Total and Wide Distribution—Caprices of Fortune.

A partial list of the prizes above One Thousand Dollars, paid by The Louisiana State Lottery Company during the six months ending May, 1889, together with the names and addresses given to the Company by the holders, omitting those who have requested it.

Receipts are on file at the office of the company.

DRAWING OF DECEMBER 18, 1888.

Hulda Rost, Wanatah, Ind.	$15,000
Mrs. Louise Martell, 42 West 33d St., New York City	15,000
C. Staib, Philadelphia, Pa.	15,000
A. H. Alexander, New York, N. Y.	15,000
John E. Hill, Manor, Travis Co., Tex.	15,000
A depositor, Union National Bank, New Orleans, La.	15,000
T. C. S. Hatch, McGregor, Tex.	15,000
Samuel Schneider, Petaluma, Cal.	15,000
Eugene Brackett, San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
Cosca & Garcia, Guaynas, Mex.	15,000
Bert L. Dwilley, Lewistown, Me.	15,000
Carbonate Nat'l bank of Leadville, Col	15,000
Louis C. Koehler & Brother, 1,714 E. Lombard St., Baltimore, Md.	15,000
Geo. Wm. Spawforth, Denver, Col.	15,000
Five depositors through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s San Francisco, Cal.	12,500
Clarence L. Miller, Lower Village, Nova Scotia, Canada	5,000
E. C. Whittlesey, Omaha, Neb.	5,000
Peter Fleck, 245 E. Morris St., Indianapolis, Ind.	5,000
London, Paris & American Bank, Limited, San Francisco, Cal.	5,000
A depositor, German Savings Bank, New Orleans, La.	5,000
J. B. Moody of Miss Florence Basconib, Chicago, Ill.	5,000
First Nat'l Bank of Sulphur Springs, Tex.	5,000
Chas. Edwards, North Platte, Neb.	5,000
Geo. Hinck, 21 Columbia St., New York	5,000
Boutilot & Snyder, 129 Bank Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.	5,000
R. A. Johnson, 2 Garden St. Arch, Boston, Mass.	5,000
Waggoner & Tarsh, Purcell, Ind. Ter.	5,000
D. L. Collins, Augusta, Ga.	5,000
A correspondent at Vera Cruz, Mex.	5,000
Allen Bros., Dubuque, Iowa	5,000
Mrs. Thos. M. Scheidler, 1,600 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.	2,500
Southwestern National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.	2,500
H. Schnitzer, 112 Canal st., New York City	2,500
A. Robinson, Baltimore, Md.	2,500
Mrs. M. Burke, Cooperstown, Wis.	2,500
J. C. Tolson, Gadsden, Ala.	2,500
Vicksburg Bank, Vicksburg, Miss.	2,500
Mark Hyder, Bath Island, Ill.	2,500
First National Bank of Waverly, New York	2,500
John H. Woloff, East Liberty, Pa.	2,500
D. Heilborn, care Meyernoff & Eichengreen, 306 Market St., Phila., Pa.	2,500
Island City Savings Bank, Galveston, Tex.	2,500
Sam'l Hays, 3,329 Morgan St., St. Louis, Mo.	1,250
E. R. Warner, 126 W. 17th St., New York	1,250
J. McGowan, 1,070 Third Ave., New York	1,250
G. W. Wilton, 142 W. 124th St., New York	1,250
R. Rothstein, 46 E. Broadway, New York	1,250
Mary E. Thorne, 591 Grand River Ave., Detroit, Mich.	1,250
Wm. W. Sebold, 713 Dubon St., Philadelphia, Pa.	5,000
E. T. Robberson, Springfield, Mo.	5,000
Louisville Banking Co., Louisville, Ky.	5,000
J. J. Wayne, Des Moines, Iowa	5,000
Christopher Bonk, 6081 St., N. W., Washington, D. C	5,000
Maverick National Bank of Boston, Mass.	5,000
H. D. Mueller, Jr., care American Express Co., Quincy, Ill.	5,000
E. L. Franks, Riverton, Ill.	2,500
Miss A. T. Batters, Boston, Mass.	2,500
Mary McDonald, Boston, Mass.	2,500
V. J. Jesch, 341 Fourth St., Jersey City, N. J.	2,500
Shaw & Horst, Nevasota, Tex.	2,500
R. L. Malone, Griffin, Ga.	2,500
Bank of Commerce, Memphis, Tenn.	2,500
A depositor, New Orleans National Banking Ass'n, New Orleans, La.	2,500
Nat'l Savings Bank of Washington, D. C.	2,500
Jno. Diehl, Beardstown, Ill.	2,500
W. H. Clement, Big Rapids, Mich.	2,500
A depositor, Louisiana National Bank, New Orleans, La.	2,500
J. A. Ramon, 436 Bush St., San Francisco	1,250
Mrs. Rachel Solinskey, 207 Broome St., New York City	1,250
Luke Mulroy, 215 East 58th St., New York City	1,250
Geo. Koehler, 17 First St., San Francisco	1,250
Land City Savings Bank of Galveston, Tex.	1,250
Bank of Greenville, Miss., for M. B. Rendel, Greenville, Miss.	1,250
John Clem, Convent, La.	1,250
Louis Adler, 510 W. Madison St., Chicago	1,250
Merchant's and Planter's Bank of Pine Bluff, Ark.	1,220
A depositor, through Wells, Fargo & Co's Bank, San Francisco, Cal.	1,250
Jerry Graves, Lowmoor, Va.	1,250
Samuel Killeen, Sicamous, B.C., Canada	1,250

DRAWING OF MARCH 12, 1889.

Isaac Lowber, 701 South 20th St., Philadelphia, Pa.	30,000
Jno. Schwenk, 1421 North 24th St., Philadelphia, Pa.	15,000
E. Nusbaum, 614 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.	15,000
Bank of America, Providence, R. I.	15,000
Wellington Griffin, Griffin, Ga., office 521 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
A Correspondent through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s bank, San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
Jas. P. Commons, Chicago, Ill.	15,000
M. A. L. Emery and Henry Simons, 103 South State St., Chicago, Ill., Care National Library Association	15,000
Fred Schade, Chicago, Ill.	15,000
German Bank of Memphis, Tenn.	15,000
Nat'l National Bank of Memphis, Tenn	15,000
The Continental Bank of St. Louis, Mo	15,000
Chace & Butts, Providence, R. I.	15,000
Denton S. Hamilton, Hamburg, N. J.	10,000
Anglo-California Bank of San Francisco	5,000
National Bank of Redemption, Boston, Mass	5,000
Henry Jessell, 154 Essex St., New York	5,000
A. J. Scott, 56 Fourth Ave., Chicago, Ill.	5,000
Jno. A. Martin, 45 Ave. A, New York city	5,000
Geo. Derchingold, 179 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill.	5,000
A Depositor, Union National Bank, New Orleans, La.	5,000
Adone & Lobit, Galveston, Tex.	5,000
G. W. M. Icom, Littlefield, Miss.	5,000
Peter Schweickhart, Emporia, Pa.	5,000
Ketchum National Bank of Toledo, Ohio	5,000
W. H. Thomas, Boston, Mass.	5,000
Lorenz Siebert, 813 Summit St., Toledo	5,000
Albert R. Thiebat, Peoria, Ill.	2,500
A. Gallagher, Philadelphia, Pa.	2,500
A Depositor, People's Bank, New Orleans	2,500
City National Bank, Louisville, Ky.	2,500
M. B. Murphy, Willow Island, Neb.	2,500
W. L. Bedford, Humbolt, Mich.	2,500
Fred David, 305 West St., New York	2,500
J. Davignow, U. I. C. F. Society, New Bedford, Mass.	2,500
Henry Wittkowski, 92 Division St., N. Y.	2,500
Anglo Nat'l Bank of San Francisco, Cal.	2,500
Farmers' Bank of Fresno, Fresno, Cal.	2,500
O. H. Hunt, Medaryville, Ind.	2,500
G. J. Nolan, 119 Joliet St., Joliet, Ill.	2,500
Geo. E. Branch, Boston, Mass.	2,500
R. P. Bemiss, San Jose, Cal.	1,250
T. H. Tryon, Titusville, Pa.	1,250
B. Giovannoni, 661 Broadway, New York city	1,250
A Depositor through Wells, Fargo & Co's Bank of San Francisco Cal.	1,250
A Correspondent in Bangor, Me.	1,250
Masonic Savings Bank, Lovisville, Ky.	1,250
A. Piper, Parsons, Kan.	1,250
Valentine Balz, 2168 Archer Ave., Chicago, Ill.	1,250
Willis Foster, Millersburg, Ind.	1,250
Frederick Frank, Detroit, Mich.	1,250
V. W. Woodward, Indianapolis, Ind.	1,250
Dan Dowley, Watchman Jackson R. R. Depot, New Orleans, La.	1,250
S. D. Woodward, Bloomington, Ill.	1,250
Fourth National Bank of Nashville, Tenn	1,250
John Lenn, 332, N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill	1,250

DRAWING OF APRIL 16, 1889.

Frank Kneeland, Boston, Mass.	15,000
Otto Von Rosenberg, Hallettsville, Tex.	15,000
Merchants' Nat'l Bank, Waterville, Me.	15,000
Wm. Rawlinson, Lexington, S. C.	15,000
F. N. Hyndman, Gen. Pass. Office C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.	15,000
P. Weber, 116 Liberty St., Cleveland, Ohio	15,000
W. J. Brackett, Calhoun, Ky.	15,000
J. D. Biser, cor. Main and Olive Sts., Mansfield, Ohio	15,000
Bank of Commerce, San Diego, Cal.	15,008
Ralph E. Staples, South Bend, Ind.	15,000
Osmun & Brother, Sixth and Union Sts., Allentown, Pa.	15,000
W. A. Tanner, Minneapolis, Minn.	15,000
Christian Schmidt, Bedford, Ill.	15,000
Pat'k McCann, 1154 Elk St., Buffalo, N. Y.	15,000
Manufacturers' National Bank of Brooklyn, N. Y.	15,000
Wm. Afries, Altoona, Pa.	15,000
S. P. Harris, Mariana, Ark.	5,000
E. A. Rippey, El Paso, Tex.	5,000
John Ross, 406 Cambria St., Phila., Pa.	5,000
James Leary, New York city	5,000
Harry Lee, Washington, D. C.	5,000
Marcos Lopez, St. Bernard Parish, La.	5,000
N. A. Sager, Columbus, Ohio	5,000
D. D. Wilkins & Co., Duck Hill, Miss.	5,000
E. E. J. Boos, Jackson, Miss.	5,000
Fifth Ward Bank, New York city	5,000
German Bank of Memphis, Tenn.	5,000
Anglo-California Bank San Francisco	5,000
A correspondent through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank of San Francisco, Cal.	5,000
E. Nettel, Nantucket, Mass.	2,500
D. O. Mills & Co., Sacramento, Cal.	2,500
S. Fried, 30 Canal Street, New York city	2,500
Geo. R. A. Willey, Washington, D. C.	2,500
S. Grabinsky, 711 7th St., St. Louis, Mo.	2,500
First National Bank of Taylor, Tex.	2,500
Rock County Nat'l Bank, Janesville, Wis.	2,500
J. G. Ruple, Columbus, Ohio	2,500
The Pacific Express Co., Memphis, Tenn	2,500
Midland Cigar Store, Colorado Springs, Col.	2,500
Michael F. Riordan, New Britain, Conn.	2,500
Chas. E. Dougherty, St. Louis, Mo.	2,500
Fritz Schult, Elgin, Ill.	2,500
Carbonate Nat'l Bank of Leadville, Col.	2,500
T. R. Clauser, 1,928 6th St., Harrisburg, Pa.	1,250
A. Overlitner, Summerhill, Pa.	1,250
Mrs. Joseph Reeves, Red Bluff, Cal.	1,250
C. H. Reiman, New York city	1,250
City National Bank of Austin, Tex.	1,250
C. H. Abbott, Birmingham, Ala.	1,250
Columbus Insurance and Banking Co., Columbus, Miss.	1,250
A depositor People's Bank, New Orleans	1,250
A correspondent through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank of San Francisco, Cal.	1,250
Hannah Doherty, 409 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.	1,250

DRAWING OF MAY 14, 1889.

Alex. Tafaureau, 152 Chartre St., New Orleans, La.	15,000
Alfred & Margaret Friot, San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
Wm. S. Johnson, Boston, Mass.	15,000
A correspondent through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank of San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
A Depositor New Orleans National Bank, New Orleans, La.	15,000
David Simmons, 117 Charlotte St., Peoria, Ill.	15,000
Wm. H. Reigart, Peoria, Ill.	15,000
F. B. Baird, Room 13, Lakeside Building, Chicago, Ill.	5,000
A party through United States Express Co., Chicago, Ill.	5,000
F. Paglinca, care A. S. Blake, 309 Canal St., New York city	5,000
First National Bank of Detroit, Mich.	5,000
Bidwell & Donovon, 1183 Niagara St. & 512 Rhode Island St., Buffalo N. Y.	5,000
L. M. Fry, Weatherford, Tex.	5,000
Anglo-California Bank of San Francisco	5,000
G. C. Goodrich, Baltimore, Md.	5,000
Rudolph Bloomquist, Chicago, Ill.	2,500
J. D. Collins, Atlanta, Ga.	2,500
A. Keller, Lamar, Mo.	2,500
F. A. Harris, Boston, Mass.	2,500
R. C. Palmer, 721 Eighth St. N. W., Washington, D. C.	2,500
T. H. Nowack, Sealy, Tex.	2,500
T. Comeadine, Villa Rica, Ga.	2,500
First Nat'l Bank of Honey Grove, Tex.	2,500
Rofino Esteves, St. Bernard Parish, La.	2,500
L. Adler, care Felsenthal, Grass & Miller, Chicago, Ill.	2,500
Thos. Williams, Jeffersonville, Ohio	2,500
National City Bank, New York city	2,500
Matthew P. Brown, 185 Brookline, St., Cambridgeport, Mass.	1,250
J. W. Clough, 37 Merchants Row, Boston, Mass.	1,250
M. J. Mohler, Boys' House of Refuge, New Orleans, La.	1,250
Jno. N. Rambaut, 201 Decatur, St., New Orleans, La.	1,250
Anglo-Californian Bank of San Francisco	1,250

OUR GRANDMOTHERS.

What They Used to Do in the Way of Pickling, Wine-Making, Etc.

Old cookery books seem to bring us much nearer to our dead and gone progenitresses, says the *American Analyst*, and show us that though they did not read much and could do mighty little in the way of spelling they were simpler, and perhaps sweeter, women than their grand-daughters. They could scarcely fail to be so, for the mere exercise of the one art which they practiced as an art brought them hour by hour in the most intimate relation with nature and her bounties. In the season when green things flourished hardly a day can have passed without these good ladies themselves going into their gardens to seek the fagot of sweet herbs which was to impart flavor and fragrance to their "ragoos" and savories or the marigolds which poor Charles Lamb hated so much when they floated on his mess of Charter-house pottage, but which, as Simple Susan's enemy, Barbara, found so tempting.

The greater part of our grandmothers' times must have been spent in culling simples, expressing juices, gathering fruits, and spying out things to pickle. This was not done haphazard. Was there anything that the women of 100 years ago did not pickle or preserve? They pickled parsley green, to cheat grass; winter nuts, and very excellent pickled "nasturtions"—and a very excellent pickle they make. They pickled the large shoots of elder to imitate "the Indian bamboo." They put out in the middle of May, and the middle shoots are the most tender. They pickled green walnuts "when they will bear a pin to go into them"—which is also done to this day. They were aware that the "buds (sic) of elder-flowers make (sic) a delicate pickle before it opens," and to effect this it was only necessary to pour vinegar on them. They also knew that the seeds of elder should be picked while still green, as a substitute for capers, and that "large cucumbers of the kind called green turly, prepared as mangoes, are excellent, and come sooner into eating." They pickled radish pods, young artichokes, horseradish, samphire, marigold flowers, and more things than can well be enumerated. Having pickled nearly every green shoot, stalk, pod and seed, they began to do the same by plums, apricots, peaches, currants and grapes.

When they set about making jams no fruit escaped them—they even attacked vegetables. When they made cakes it was the same. Pumpkins, yams, etc., were made into cakes and red beet roots, potatoes, and oranges into biscuits. Wine-making, too, was then a recognized branch of female industry and every fruit in turn was chosen as a basis, and some flowers and vegetables—notably cowslips and parsnips—were promoted to the same dignity. There is a very pretty recipe for cowslip mead, made of honey, lemons, seven pecks of cowslip pips, and a handful of sweetbriar. The sweetbriar is a delicious ingredient, but think of picking seven pecks of pips! A recipe is given for making elder flower wine "from the tree which bears white berries." We are confidingly told that it drinks very like Frontiniac." Wine of the black elderberries is said to be the best Hermitage claret; and another recipe instructs us how to make wine of white elderberries. Or sycamore, birch, walnut, blackberry, or balm wines—all these were once made by fair and dainty housewives, and now are made no more. And then there was shrub, wherein to one gallon of new milk, flavored with lemons and Seville oranges, was added two quarts of red wine, two gallons of rum, and one of brandy.

Sweet dishes, also, were generally made by the ladies of the family, and there is much play of fancy in the naming of them. In turning over the pages we find directions how to spin gold and silver webs for desert, to spin birds' nests, to make a Chinese temple or obelisk, a fish-pond with silver and gold fishes, a hen's nest, with strips of lemon for straw, and eggs filled with flummery, a hen and chickens in jelly, a desert island.

SECOND-HAND LUXURY.

[Time.]

Mr. Bradish: Good mornin', Deac'n Hapgood.

Deacon Hapgood: Good mornin', neighbor. Come right in an' be comf'table. One r th' gals got through with her last season's hat, an' I ketched on to it.

FRONTIER TELEGRAPHY.

How the News From Oklahoma Was Sent to the Press of the Country.

On April 22 the largest and most complete, to say nothing of being the most intricate, lot of circuits ever put up in the state of Kansas were arranged at Wichita Western Union office on the occasion of the filing of 50,000 words of "Oklahoma" press news. A special press representatives' train was run from Guthrie, Oklahoma territory, to Wichita, containing 27 newspaper men with their correspondence for the eastern papers. The train made no stops between Guthrie and Wichita, and when it reached Wichita it was discovered that the rival reporters had adopted all manner of means to get their respective "copy" to the telegraph office first, that it might have the preference in being sent out. Some two or three of them had race horses, ridden by expert jockeys, in waiting at the depot, and before the train had fairly stopped the daring reporters sprang from it, and, rushing up to the riders, handed them an envelope containing their manuscript, and the word, "Go," was given, when the horses dashed off on a dead run for the telegraph office. Others had secured fast cabs; and yet others, not to be outdone, had secured light buggies and fixed alarm gongs on the front, that could be operated from the seat by their feet, in order to warn the street passengers at crossings to look out for their mad flight, and as quickly as possible they jumped into them and started. The scene on the route to the office was indescribable. First came a large white horse, ridden by the correspondent of the New York *World*, closely followed by another ridden by the correspondent of the *Herald;* then came the buggies, with their gongs clanging as they swayed from side to side in their mad career. They were followed by the slower cabs on the dead run. The police in vain tried to stop the headlong flight. So cunningly was it planned that a casual observer standing at the depot five minutes before the train pulled in would have noticed nothing uncommon.

At the office each man had a boy posted who would catch his horse as he dashed up. When the cavalcade reached the space in front of the office a great shout went up from the people on the streets, the various correspondents threw themselves from their horses and buggies and made a rush for the door, which had been left open for the purpose, and all tried to hand their copy to the receiving clerk at the same time. The *World* correspondent (who, by the way, is red-headed and rode a white horse) was the first to file his stuff. At the operating room Chief Operator B. C. Elder was in charge, with the assistance of Night Chief Operator E. S. Bowers. A new quad had been run to Arkansas City, and was looped over the wires to the main Atlantic & Pacific trunk line. The men were placed at a table each, and were all ready, the Kansas City operators being in waiting, and when the specials were filed they were quickly distributed, and three minutes after the train pulled in at the depot the matter was being transmitted as rapidly as fifteen first-class operators could handle it. It was filed at 10:45 p. m., and at 12:38 a. m. the last words had been sent. Manager Hackett was in attendance at the counter and distributed the "copy"; Night Chief Bowers kept business moving, while Chief Operator Elder looked after the wires. Strange to say, not one of the fifteen circuits went down during the spurt and all worked fine. Kansas City handled the same night 100,000 words of press matter from the various Kansas points.—*Wichita Notes in Electric Age.*

Silver and Gold Comparatively Cheap.

Silver and gold are not, as most people believe, the most precious of all metal but, on the contrary, compared with some of the rarer ones used in the arts they may reasonably be considered as cheap. Accroding to the estimate of a German engineer a kilogram of silver (2,788 pounds Troy) is worth 175 marks (a mark being a trifle less than 24 cents), and an equal weight of gold, 3,000 marks. Compared with this, a firm in Berlin recently paid 30,000 marks for a kilogram of barium, the metal which Davy isolated from its ore baryta, in 1808, and 16,000 marks per kilogram for rhodium. Ruthenium, also covered by the chemist Claus in 1843, is with 12,000 marks per kilogram. Didymmetal, isolated by Masander, is quoted according to the prevailing price at the enormous sum of 36,000 marks per kilogram. Besides these there are a few other metals that for value put gold way in the shade. They are yttrium, 18,000 marks per kilogram; strontium, 28,000 marks; glycium, 27,000 marks; lithium, the lightest of all metals, 20,000 marks; vandin, a silver white metal found in the iron ore of the Swedish mines, 15,000 marks, and a number of others varying in price from 5,000 to 20,000 marks per kilogram.

Few of the metals named are used in the arts, most of them being regarded as curiosities of the chemical world.

Among the Electricians.

Powerful interrupted voltaic currents have recently been useful in England to arrest the growth of cancer.

A new disease called photo-electric ophthalmia is described as due to the continual action of the electric light on the eyes.

The phonograph is attracting considerable attention in the French electric circles, many novel experiments being made with it.

It has been proposed to secure secrecy in telephonic communication by breaking the line transmitting each word or sending one portion over one line and the rest over another line.

To give an idea of the kind of telephone cable which would be required to work under the ocean it has been calculated that the copper core would have to be as large around as a flour barrel, and the insulation the diameter of a hogshead.

M. Marcel Deprez has introduced some new types of resistance and switches for use with high tension currents in these he uses pure water as the connection, and the metals themselves never touching, there is no spark on breaking contact.

—Boils, pimples, hives, ringworm, tetter and all other manifestations of impure blood are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Spanking the Crown Prince.

The other day the emperor, busied in his own room, heard a violent tumult in the nursery and speedily made his way to the scene. When he entered the crown prince and Prince Ritel drew themselves up and saluted their father in the military fashion, as is their wont. "What is all this noise about?" asked the emperor. "A slight dispute, sire," said his eldest son, "and I was obliged to let my brother know who is crown prince in this establishment." "Good," said his Majesty, "I see what you mean, and I think I will be as well if I let you know in the same way who is emperor in this particular family," and he forthwith administered a punishment which impressed itself on the mind and also on the body of the crown prince in a manner highly suggestive of the possibilities of the situation.—*London Standard.*

The Way "Out."

Out on Fly. "George, I called to see you this morning, and the maid said you were out."

"Yes, uncle, I am sorry that I was."

"But you were not, for I saw you sitting at the window as I came away."

"Yes; that's just it; the maid did not specify; she only knew I was out. Sometimes I am staying out; sometimes walking out, and sometimes looking out. She was stupid not to say which. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Dyspepsia, its nature, causes, prevention and cure. Food to eat, Food to avoid. By John H. McAlvin, Lowell, Mass. Free to any address.

THE BUSINESS OF A PRINCE.

Royalty Imposes Numerous Cares and Arduous Duties Not Generally Known.

Banquets, visits, presentations, inaugurations of monuments, speechifying, military maneuvers and long railway journeys absorb most of the time which Albert Edward does not devote to the graver concerns of state. Every day brings him a batch of telegrams announcing births, marriages or deaths in other princely families, and these have to be answered. On his own domestic anniversaries—birthdays, wedding day, accession day—telegrams and addresses come to him by the hundred, and each one must be read to him lest it should not receive a suitable reply. An intelligent private secretary may save a prince some of this work, but all private secretaries are not intelligent, nor do they much care to assume responsibilities.

A prince, says *Temple Bar*, like other men, must do most of his work for himself or it will be badly done. If he retires for a short time to the seclusion of some private estate, things go wrong, and he is quickly summoned back to his round of showy and irksome duties. His head aches, but he must show himself amiable with everybody. He is tired of talking, but he must find something pleasant to say to the dozens of people who, wherever he goes, are introduced to him. He has seen enough of exhibitions to sicken him for life, but he must appear to take an intelligent interest in all these shows, and cram himself for conversations about them with specialists. He must know the exact measure of compliments which are expected by various eminent artists, authors, inventors and manufacturers.

He must have read, or pretended to have read, the latest work on military tactics by this or that distinguished general—especially if the general be a foreigner in the service of an allied power. For is he not himself honorary colonel in half a dozen foreign regiments, whose uniforms he has to wear upon occasions, and is it not required of him as a commander of armies that he should seem to take the keenest interest in things military? Generals may bore him to desperation; he may be sick to death of military bands always playing him his "national airs;" his head may split at the roaring of cannon and the firing of rifle salutes, and at the thunder of squadrons charging imaginary enemies in mimic warfare; but he must look cheerful and well pleased. When the generals have done with him the diplomatists come on. To these he must patter in a tongue which is not his own, and be very careful about every word he utters, besides keeping up his tone to the highest pitch of cordiality, for the ambassador will write to every word down and report it to his government; and if the prince have forgotten the right names of different princes and princesses of the Embassador's court this lapse of memory will be set down against him and may cause a "coldness."

The French Tri-Color.

This year is the centenary of the French flag, which is a tri-color, like our own. On the 17th of July, 1789, Lafayette conceived the idea of placing the white emblem of royalty between the red and the blue of Paris. He thus composed a cockade which was recognized by all classes as a symbol of reconciliation and hope. A few weeks later, when Bailly received Louis XVI. in the great hall of the Hotel de Ville, he offered him the new emblem, and the king graciously placed it in his hat. The National Guards of Paris, each body of which had a different standard, then adopted the cockade, and in 1792 the form and dimensions, as well as the colors of this national ensign, were established by law. It is accordingly forbidden to use it for advertising purposes, and a law should be passed to the same effect in this country concerning our own flag.

Girls Taught to Deceive.

"It is frequently remarked," said an American mother, the other day, "that women are, as a rule, more deceptive than men. If this be true, I am sure it is the result of education more than disposition. I am often sorely puzzled in bringing up my own girls how to teach them to be decorous, polite, and in other ways fulfil all the requirements that are considered good manners, and at the same time be truthful. Women are not allowed to express their own real desires and deepest feelings, but are rather schooled to repress themselves and conceal anything in their nature that would offend the rules of propriety. The world, they are taught, expects them to be models of decorum, whether their inclinations are to be decorous or not. Hence deception is one of the first things they learn, and small wonder if a habit of lying grows on some of them.—*New York Tribune.*

Encouraging.

Here is encouragement for those afflicted with that terrible scourge—*Nervous Prostration.*

BUNKER HILL, IND., March 14, 1888.

"I feel that I cannot say too much in praise of the Compound Oxygen Treatment."

MRS. FLORENCE BLUE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 11, 1884.

"I began the use of Compound Oxygen and have much reason to be grateful for it."

REV. CHAS. W. CUSHING.

BENTON HARBOR, MICH., Nov. 28, 1887.

"I am indebted to you beyond all other Compound Oxygen purchasers."

BENJAMIN J. EAMAN.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 4, 1888, No. 331 Decatur St.

"I was induced by a friend to try your Compound Oxygen Treatment. The result was marvelous. I will always recommend Compound Oxygen as the greatest vitalizing agent known for I certainly find that it has prolonged my life."

MRS. E. H. HENDERSON.

As you are aware we publish a brochure of 200 pages, containing the full history of Compound Oxygen, and a record of cures in many interesting cases, it will be sent free of charge to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., or 120 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.

Housekeepers Ought to Know.

That to have good coffee your coffee-pot must be bright and clean inside.

That you can sweep a rag carpet much cleaner sweeping crosswise of the width.

That in making up the unbleached muslin allow one inch to the yard for shrinkage.

That if you fold your clothes as you take them from the line they will iron much easier.

That your copper wash boiler, if well rubbed with a cloth dipped in coal oil, will be clean and bright.

That to keep your bedding pure and wholesome open up your beds to air the first thing in the morning.

That one part suet to two parts lard rendered together is much better for frying purposes that all lard.

That if you want to keep your house free of moths never put down your carpets till the floor is perfectly dry.

That to wash smoothing irons in dishwater, after washing your skillets, will make them sm

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such questions as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

Leading Political Parties of the United States Since 1789.

L. W. B., Randolph, Neb.: "1.—Give an account of the principal parties which have arisen since the constitutional convention of 1787." At the time of the adoption of the federal constitution, those who favored it were called Federalists, and those who opposed it Anti-Federalists. Of course the adoption of the constitution let Washington, the head of the Federal party, take the presidency unopposed. From that time a division arose among the people of the United States on the question of the interpretation of the constitution. The term Federalist soon became the name of a political party embracing those who believed in the supremacy of the federal government, that the Union is indissoluble and that the constitution is to be interpreted as giving to the federal government all necessary powers to protect, defend and conserve the prosperity of the nation as a whole. Their opponents by 1792 organized under the name of the "Republican" party (which has no relation to the present Republican party), its fundamental principles being the limitation of federal powers to those expressly granted in the constitution, and the doctrine of state rights. This party afterwards took the name Democratic-Republican party, and afterwards simply the Democratic party, and it stands to-day practically where it did when first organized in favor of the federal idea. The Federalists held control of the administration until the election of Jefferson, and that party afterwards changed its name to the Federal-Republican party. During the Presidency of John Quincy Adams they were called National Republicans, and afterwards were merged into the Whig party. The latter party made its first Presidential nomination in 1836, Gen. William Henry Harrison being the candidate. Van Buren defeated him, but the Whigs elected Gen. Harrison in 1840. The Whigs were defeated in 1844, when Clay was their nominee, but were successful in 1848, when they elected Gen. Taylor president. Their last presidential candidate was Gen. Scott, in 1852, who was defeated. The dissolution of the Whig party was because it split hopelessly on the slavery question. The Republican party came in 1854, its cardinal doctrine being opposition to the extension of slavery; but it also was, and is, in favor of the national idea, a broad and statesmanlike interpretation of the constitution, of internal improvements, and of proper protection to our industrial interests; a party more popular than the Federal party ever was, and more homogeneous and courageous than the Whigs. Fremont in 1856, was its first candidate for the presidency; but it elected Lincoln in 1860, and stamped on its face. A nickel won't pass at all. Hence, paper stamped as you suggest won't pass for anything outside of the United States, because it has no value. The paper itself is worthless.

Token coinage, for small change, is made light weight on purpose. Not, however, to cheat the people; but to prevent its being used in the arts, or going out of the country. Coins lose largely by being in active circulation, and if the small coins were made full weight the government would constantly be the loser. It is made light, however. This prevents loss to the government from its wearing down. Then if a man needs silver for any purpose, it is cheaper to buy silver bullion than to use light-weight coins; and the light weight keeps the silver in this country, instead of being shipped abroad. As we said above, a man cannot be compelled to take these token coins, except in a limited amount; while the true coins (those of full weight) are legal tender in any amount, and are as valuable anywhere in the world as they are here.

Helen of Troy.

Mrs. J. N., North Toledo: Helen, in Greek legends, was the most beautiful woman of her time. Before she was ten years of age she was carried off by Theseus, who concealed her under the mother Æthra's care. Castor and Pollux released her, and carried her back to Sparta, with Æthra as her slave. She had suitors from all parts of Greece, among them Ulysses; but she accepted Menelaus. Hermione was their daughter, and, according to some legends, she also had a son, Nicostratus. But three years after her marriage she was seduced by Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy, and fled with him to that city. The Grecian princes had made a compact, when Helen made her choice of a husband from among them, that they would unite to aid whoever she might choose to marry, in case of any future attempt to carry her off. Menelaus called on them to fulfill their oath, and thus the Trojan war arose—the combined forces of the Greeks besieging Troy for ten years. Paris was killed during the seige, and Helen married Deiphobus, another son of Priam's; but when the Greeks finally entered the city, she treacherously introduced the Greeks into his chamber, in order to appease the anger of Menelaus. She was brought back to Sparta, was forgiven by Menelaus, and again received as his wife. After the death of Menelaus, Helen was exiled, and sent to Rhodes, where the queen of that island, Polyxo, whose husband had been killed in the Trojan war, caused her to be seized while bathing, tied to a tree, and strangled. The people of Rhodes afterwards commemorated the murder by a temple raised to Helen Dendrites, or Helen tied to a tree. The Spartans honored her as a goddess, and built a temple to her at Therapne, which was believed to have the power of conferring beauty on every ugly woman who entered it. The legends about Helen are almost numberless.

Southern Illiteracy—Negroes as Office-holders.

W. N., Pendleton, Ind.: 1.—The value of lands in the South, at least in the growing portions, is undoubtedly greater than in 1870. 2. The illiteracy in the South, as shown by the census of 1880, of whites and negroes, is as follows, the figures giving the per cent unable to write:

States.	Whites, 10 yrs. old and upward.	Negroes, 10 yrs. old and upward.
Alabama	24.7	80.6
Arkansas	25.0	75.9
Florida	19.9	70.7
Georgia	22.9	81.6
Kentucky	22.0	70.4
Louisiana	18.4	79.1
Maryland	8.1	59.6
Mississippi	16.3	75.2
Missouri	10.5	63.9
North Carolina	31.5	77.4
South Carolina	21.9	78.5
Tennessee	27.3	71.7
Texas	15.3	75.4
Virginia	18 2	73.7
West Virginia	18.3	55.0

3.—You ask, "Since the negro constitutes about one-sixth of the population of the United States, and is an important factor in the elections of many states, why does he not receive his share of appointments under the government?" We will refer President Harrison to your question, and will be fully concur in his position: To a Southern delegation of colored men which called on him a few days ago the President said: "Be patient about the offices. I think I see how we can, in the near future, secure you honest elections and full enjoyment of your rights as citizens; and this is of vastly greater importance to you than possession of federal offices."

An "Immortal" Question.

L. J. W., Webster City, Iowa, writes: "What was the 'immortal 56th?' Please answer if possible, as this is the third time I have asked, and have never received a reply."

We give this question in full, in order to call attention to a frequent source of trouble to us in answering questions. L. J. W. should have told us where he found the words used—in fact, told us everything about it, in order that we may know where to look for the answer. A great many people imagine, it seems to us, that a question should be made as brief as possible. That is a good rule; but while the *question* should be short, the answer should also send us, with it, all the information you possess referring to it, in cases like the above.

In the BUREAU of May 23, we answered A. W. G., Lisbon, Ohio, that the "immortal 56" were probably the 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence. But L. J. W. now puts the question in another form—the "immortal 56th." In this form, we cannot answer him, unless the 56th was some noted regiment. Will L. J. W. please send us all that he knows about it, especially the article referring to it? We will try to find out for him then. And, if the reference is to the signers of the Declaration, will he kindly send a postal card to say so? We are perplexed at receiving these two queries, both from Iowa, and are curious to see the article in which the "immortal" 56 or 56th, as the case may be, was referred to.

Perpetual Motion.

D. S. C., Hopkins, Mo., writes: "1.—What is perpetual motion? 2.—Has the United States government, at any time, offered a reward for the invention of perpetual motion?"

1.—By perpetual motion is meant a machine that, when set in motion, would continue to move, without the aid of any external force, until it is worn out. A water-wheel run by a never-failing stream would run steadily till worn out, but that would not be perpetual motion, as the weight or the momentum of the water furnishes the power, outside of the machine itself. 2.—Neither the United States government, nor any other government, nor any body else, offer or has offered any reward for the invention of perpetual motion, because it is an impossibility. There are probably a number of men spending their time in this foolish search, simply because they will not study the science of mechanics. There is nothing more clearly proved than that no machine or device can *create* force; and this is what a perpetual motion machine would have to do. We can change one kind of force into another, or change momentum into power, or power into momentum; but we cannot create force. It is a pity that men will not study elementary physics before wasting their lives in as useless an effort as it would be to attempt to lift themselves over a fence by pulling on the straps of their boots.

Chinese Exclusion.

Mr. B. L., Washington, Pa.:—The leading reasons assigned for excluding Chinese from the United States are: 1, they do not come here with the intention of becoming citizens, but merely to acquire enough to give them a competency in China, and then propose to return; 2, they are a people inferior in morals and in modes of thought to our own, and hence, even if they stayed here, would have a tendency to degrade our civilization; 3, they live on far less than a white man is able to subsist upon, and hence work for far lower wages than he can; hence their competition reduces wages, and puts the white laborer in a hopeless position; 4, they herd together in cities like rats, and their presence in any number is inadvisable on sanitary grounds alone; 5, they bring leprosy and other unnamable diseases with them; 6, they are fearfully immoral, habituated to vices unknown to even our lowest classes, and hence exercise a detrimental influence; 7, they are unfitted ever to become citizens; and many others of similar tenor. We name reasons which have been assigned that we can readily recall, and do not wish to be understood as taking the affirmative position on all of them. The first three given above we believe to be sound, and to constitute of themselves a sufficient reason for Chinese exclusion.

What Is a "Month?"

G. A. B., Defiance, O., asks: "To settle a dispute, will you please answer the following: If a child is born on February 28, on what date will it be one month old?"

The only dispute there can be is, what is meant by a "month" in your question. The word "month" has different significations, according to the way it is used. A bank calls 30 days a month; sometimes it is used for a term of four weeks, which makes it only 28 days; sometimes it is used for one of the twelve divisions of the year, and not a specific number of days. In the case you put, it is commonly accepted in the latter sense. Suppose the child were born on May 10, when would it be a month old? Evidently on June 10. If born on February 10, it would be a month old on March 10. Born on February 28, it is a month old on March 28. In such cases, the universal practice is to count to the same day of the succeeding month, irrespective of the exact number of days that intervene. Nor does the fact that February 28 is the last day of the month have anything to do with the matter. A child born on the last day of June (the 30th) is one month old on July 30—not on July 31, the last day of that month.

Silver Dollars, 1795 to 1800.

E. H. F., Orangeville, Ill.: The price of United States silver dollars from 1795 to 1800, for pieces in perfect condition, is as follows:

1795, flowing hair	$1 40
1795, fillet head	1 50
1796, fillet head	1 60
1797, fillet head, 6 stars facing	1 80
1797, fillet head, 7 stars facing	1 50
1798, fillet head, 13 stars, small eagle	1 50
1798, fillet head, 15 stars, small eagle	2 25
1798, 13 stars, large eagle	1 15
1799, 5 stars facing	1 50
1799, 6 stars facing	1 13
1800, spread eagle, reverse	1 25

We cannot give dealers free advertising in this department. Read Rules 2 and 3 above.

The Blair Educational Bill.

J. B. J., Cloyd's Creek, Tenn.: 1.—The Blair educational bill is a Republican measure in the sense that it was prepared by Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, a Republican; and that those in Congress who support it for the reason that they believe that ignorance and illiteracy are dangerous to the well-being of the nation, are Republicans. 2.—The Democrats who oppose it prefer to keep the negroes ignorant, and are willing that white children shall be deprived of the benefits of the bill rather than that negroes shall be educated. 3.—No one can say what the newly elected Congress will do in the matter; hence it is impossible to say whether the bill will pass or not, if Senator Blair reintroduces it. The free trade Democrats especially are opposed to it, because it will require a larger expenditure of money by the federal government, and they wish the surplus kept up to use it as a campaign cry against the tariff. There are many Democratic citizens who favor it, and some Republicans who oppose it. It should not be a party question at all.

The "Western Reserve."

A. J. C., New Lexington, O.: 1.—The Western Reserve is a portion of Northwestern Ohio, containing 3,666,921 acres. This area Connecticut claimed under her original grant from the British crown, and it was reserved by that state at the time of the cession of the Northwest Territory to the United States by the original states. Hence the name—it was the "Western Reserve" of Connecticut. In 1800 Connecticut relinquished jurisdiction over this tract, and disposed of it in small lots to settlers, the money received forming the nucleus of her public school fund. 2.—The Bartholdi statue of Liberty is fully described in the BUREAU of May 16. 3.—Probably some teachers would be pleased if we admitted mathematical questions, etc., into the BUREAU; but our experience is that not one in a thousand of our readers would care for them. Hence Rule 6 above. There are persons who want a puzzle department; others want a chess department; and so on. We aim to make THE BLADE a paper for ALL, not for any special class of readers.

James G. Blaine.

D. A. P., Northwood Narrows, N. H.: 1.—James Gillespie Blaine was born in Pennsylvania in 1830; graduated from Washington and Jefferson college in 1847; removed to Maine in 1854, and edited the Kennebec *Journal*; served in the Maine legislature from 1858 to 1862; served in the national House of Representatives from the 38th to the 44th Congresses; elected Speaker in 1869, which post he filled till 1875; elected U. S. Senator in 1876; was a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1876 and 1880; in 1881 became secretary of State under Garfield, which position he held until Garfield's death; was a Republican nominee for President in 1884, but defeated; became secretary of State under Harrison March, 1889. 2.—We do not know Mrs. James K. Polk's age. 3.—We are not certain, but think Mrs. Tyler is dead.

President Harrison's Temperance Views.

A. M., Echo, Ore.: The temperance views of President Harrison are well known. He is a total abstainer, never drinking any liquors. As to his views on prohibition, we do not know what they are, but we do know that he is an opponent of the saloon and its pernicious influence. The stories you mention are to be classed as campaign lies. It would have been very bad policy for a candidate for the Presidency, in this state of pajgin, to have declared himself in favor of Prohibition; because it is a fact, and one to be lamented, that a majority of the voters of the United States are not yet in favor of Prohibition. The cause is now badly injured by the insane attempts to create a political party in its favor. We do not know the views of the other persons you name. Never write on both sides of a sheet in writing to a newspaper.

The Fourteen Apostles.

W. E. B., Union City, Tenn.: The usual enumeration of the apostles is: the 12 disciples—Simon Peter, Andrew, John the son of Zebedee, James his brother, Philip, Bartholomew, (also called Nathanael), Thomas, Matthew (surnamed Levi), James the son of Alphæus, Thaddeus, Simon, and Judas Iscariot; then Matthias was chosen in place of Judas, and later Paul was called to the apostleship. It is not to be forgotten that the word "apostle" (which means simply a messenger, being derived from the Greek *apostolos*, sent forth,) is sometimes used in the New Testament for others than those above named; as, in Acts xiv, Barnabas is styled an apostle. There is nothing certainly known as to their being married or single. The New Testament is silent on this point, and tradition is untrustworthy.

The "Seven Wonders of the World."

W. L., Kinzua, Pa.: 1.—We do not wish to specify any seven persons whom we may personally consider to be the "seven most noted temperance workers in the United States." 2.—The seven wonders of the ancient world, as enumerated by Philo of Byzantium, were as follows: 1, the pyramids of Egypt; 2, the hanging gardens of Queen Semiramis at Babylon; 3, the temple of Diana at Ephesus; 4, the gold and ivory statue of Jupiter at Olympia, by Phidias; 5, the Mausoleum, or tomb of King Mausolus; 6, the Colossus of Rhodes; 7, the Pharos, or lighthouse, of Alexandria. These are all surpassed by modern wonders of invention and mechanical skill, like the telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, the railroad, the steam engine, the great suspension and other bridges, the Eiffel tower, etc.

Desertion and Naturalization.

Reader, Toledo, O., amends his question thus: "A person emigrated to America under age, and enlisted a few months after in the army for one year and four months faithfully, but left at the expiration of that time, without a discharge. Never got out any naturalization papers. Is there any change of obtaining a discharge, or what would be the most advisable steps to take with regard to naturalization papers?"

If the desertion took place after May 1, 1865, the charge can be removed upon proper application to the War Department. If it took place before that, there is no way of removing the charge. You would better put your case in the hands of a good lawyer. As it stands we do not think the person can be legally naturalized.

Soldiers' Homesteads.

——, Auburndale, O., asks: "If a soldier's widow or minor son claims a homestead, will she or he have to live on it?" Yes—for at least one year. The law provides that the term of service of the soldier shall be deducted from the five years' residence required on a homestead, but that not more than four years shall be thus credited. That is, the widow or son will have to live on it the difference between five years and the soldier's term of service. If he died in the service, he is to be credited with the full time for which he enlisted.

Mayor Harrison—Census Takers.

T. F., Cooperstown, Wis.: 1.—President Harrison never lived in Chicago, and was consequently never mayor of that city. The late mayor who was mayor is Carter H. Harrison, a Democratic politician of the most unsavory character.

2.—The enumerators of the census must be male citizens of the United States over 21 years of age.

The Capital of Arizona.

D. W. R., Sweet Water, Ariz., writes: "In THE BLADE of May 9 I answer to J. W. Gamber, Ohio, the Bureau says that the capital of Arizona is Prescott. About two months ago it was moved from Prescott to Phoenix; so Phoenix is the capital now. For which information we has our hearty thanks.

Miscellaneous.

Subscriber, Horse Cave, Ky.: Greenbacks are exempt from taxation, by act of Congress.

Farmeress, ——: We do not know. Write a letter of inquiry to "Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C."

L. J. S., Richmondville, Mich.: Your request for recipe for rhubarb wine has been handed to the Household editor. It does not belong to the BUREAU.

E. A. H., Lemars, Iowa:—We know of no book of the kind you mention. Bitter refer to the American Cyclopedia, or some other work of that character.

E. R., Metomen, Wis.: The "Gadsden Purchase" is the irregular-shaped strip, comprising the southern part of Arizona and New Mexico, south of the Gila River.

Kansan, Sterling, Kan.: 1.—We do not know of any. 2.—There are estimated to be 380,000,000 people in the countries which are nominally of the Christian faith. 3.—We never heard of the book.

S., Modena, Mo.: The inscription in your violin means, "Made by Stradivarius of Cremona, in the year 1721." You have an erroneous idea of the cost of an advertisement in THE BLADE. The notice can be reduced to three lines—about 21 words—which will be inserted once for $2.25. That is our regular rate.

Subscriber, Sherwood, O.: The Clan-na-Gael is a secret revolutionary Irish society, having for its object the liberation of Ireland by force, and the establishment of an Irish republic. It is asserted that it favors the use of dynamite to aid in this purpose. It originated about the time of the Fenian movement.

——, Sidney, O., asks where he can find the poem containing these words:

"Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild."

They are quoted in a lesson in one of McGuffey's readers, but we do not know their author. If some one can tell us, or send us the full poem, we shall be obliged.

A. B., Hoorersburgh, Ind.: The very small letter "M" on the under edge of the neck of the head of Liberty on the standard silver dollar is the initial of the engraver, Morgan, who came from England to engrave the dies for stamping that coin. The same initial is also found on the ribbon at the center of the wreath on the reverse side of the coin.

F. L., Farmdale, O.: 1.—The mints coin as many 50-cent and 25-cent silver coins each year as are required. A large number are put in circulation every year. 2.—The only quarter-dollar of 1853 that bears a premium, so far as our lists show, is "without arrows," and is worth from $2 to $3 each. 3.—There is no premium on the half dollar of 1853.

J. H. M., Cynthiana, Ky.: Any language is called a "dead" language which is no longer spoken by any people in every-day use. The language of the Pequod Indians, for example, is a dead language; the Pequods are extinct, and no one speaks the language. So are the languages of antiquity. In educational circles Greek and Latin are referred to as the "dead languages."

E. S., Lone Rock, Ore.:—There are linseed oil mills in a great many localities in the United States. There is a large one in Toledo, for instance. They are generally located in sections of country where the farmers raise flax, as linseed oil is made from flaxseed. 2. Cottonseed oil is expressed in the same way as flaxseed oil, and oil cake is made in the same way from cottonseed as from flaxseed.

A. B. E., Fremont, N. C.: 1.—Fisk has not abondoned the third party. His position it given on the editorial page of THE BLADE of May 22, 5th column, in the article headed, "What Fisk Really Believes." 2.—Gladstone and Parnell stand together in favor of home rule for Ireland; Bright opposed it. 3.—Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, is living in retirement with his daughter, at Turin, Italy.

G. W. P., Grafton, Neb.: The process of preparing flax for the factory, spinning, etc., is too complex for this department, nor is it of enough general interest to take the necessary space. We presume that works on flax cultivation give directions for curing, hackling, etc. Get some bookseller to obtain a list of works on flax culture, or write to some of the publishing firms named in "Recent Literature," on the 2d page of this paper.

J. D. W., Beaumont, Kan.: The Revised statutes of the United States are published in book form, and all the clerks in very large law firms in their law libraries. Any one having them will allow you to copy sections 2387 and 2388. 2. If there are any section-maps of the Cherokee Strip issued, perhaps a letter to the agent as to their cost by writing to the commissioner of the General Land office, Washington, D. C. No replies by mail to any question.

——, Vermillion, Minn.: 1.—Both sentences are correct. 2.—The verbs "rise" and "arise" both are derived from the Anglo-Saxon verbs "risen" and "arisen," to rise. The main difference in meaning is, that "arise" more strongly expresses upward motion than does "rise." "Around" is the prefix "a" and the preposition "round." Their meanings are similar. "Afterward" is better to use than "afterwards," though both are authorized.

N. A. Topeka, Kan.: 1. Vessels have loaded at Chicago and sailed direct for Liverpool, going around Niagara Falls through the Welland canal. 2. Of course a cargo can be shipped direct from Chicago to Liverpool without transfer from one vessel to another. The reason it is not often done is that the canal, etc., will not admit the larger ocean vessels, which are of too great draught. 3. It is not the common practice to ship direct between Chicago and trans-Atlantic ports, for the reason just given.

O. W., Elba, N. Y.: 1. In Acts xi, 26, it is said, "the disciples were first called Christians at Antioch." This was in the first century, of course. They were called by no particular name before that; sometimes "Nazarenes" and "Galileans," among the Jews, as terms of contempt. 2. The mode of reckoning time from the foundation of Rome was changed to that of reckoning from the birth of Christ during the reign of Constantine, we think. 3. Solomon had nothing whatever to do with the erection of the temples at Baalbec, in Cœle-Syria, or those at Karnak, in Egypt. The latter were built long before his time.

THE FIRST POSTMISTRESS.

Quite a Romance Connected with One of Washington's Appointments.

The first postmistress was the widow of Col. Andrew Balfour of revolutionary times. She was a Miss Elizabeth Dayton, of Newport, R. I. Balfour came to America from Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1772, landing at Boston. He was a few years in the North, and married Miss Dayton in New York city. In 1777 he sailed for Charleston, but the distracted state of the country induced him to leave his wife and her children with relations in New England until he could prepare a Southern home for them, but soon after this the tide of war turned South and rolled its wave over the Carolinas, and her husband cast in his lot with the defenders of the home of his adoption (North Carolina); but he soon fell a victim to the barbarity of a party of royalists, led by Col. Fannin, a British officer, who murdered Balfour in his home in the presence of a sister and his eldest child.

As soon as Mrs. Balfour heard of her husband's tragic death she hastened South, coming in care of Gen. Greene, who landed at Wilmington. From thence it was a toilsome trip through the country to the home in Randolph county, where her noble husband was murdered. As the country was still unsafe, Mrs. Balfour deemed it improper to live upon the plantation. With sorrow she turned away from his lonely resting place and went to Salisbury until she could return to the spot so dear to her. While residing in Salisbury, President Washington appointed her postmistress, which position was filled with entire satisfaction, and when her accounts were audited she was only one-half a cent behind.—*Sunny South.*

Susan B. Anthony.

Somebody asked Susan B. Anthony at a reception given to the veteran woman suffrage leader some days ago if it did not fatigue her to stand so long and shake so many hands. "Yes, it does tire me," came the quick answer, "but not half so much as it did twenty years ago to stand all alone with no hands to shake at all." Miss Anthony is nearly 70, but her figure is straighter than that of many a girl of 17. Her eyes are bright and her rather thin face expresses acuteness and kindly intelligence. Her hair is quite heavy still and softly gray. She wears it combed down over the tips of her ears in the manner of a quarter of a century ago. She dresses quietly but richly in dark silks, with fine lace for garniture. She has one feminine weakness, a horror of going out in the rain.—*New York Mail.*

The Best Remedy

FOR Sore Eyes, Cancerous Humors, Prurigo, and other manifestations of depraved blood, is **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.** Used persistently, according to directions, it effectually eradicates all traces of disease, and restores the sufferer to a sound and healthy condition.

"I hereby certify that I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, with excellent success, for a cancerous humor, or, as it seemed to be, cancer on my lip. Shortly after using this remedy the sore healed. I believe that the disease is entirely cured, and consider Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be an infallible remedy for all kinds of eruptions caused by impure blood."—Charles G. Ernberg, Vasa, Minn.

"For years my blood was in an unhealthy condition. After having tried other medicines without success, I have lately taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and with the best results. I think this medicine is the only blood-purifier that can be absolutely relied upon."—Mrs. Oliver Valentine, 144 Quincy st., Brooklyn, New York.

"A neighbor of ours who was rendered nearly blind from scrofula, was entirely cured by using three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Stephens & Best, Druggists, Ball Play, Tenn.

"For several years afflicted with disorders of the blood, I have received more benefit from the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

than from all other medicines."—B. Rice, 140 Endicott st., Boston, Mass.

Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Taken in Season,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla arrests blood-poisoning before it pervades the system. Don't delay till the forces of nature are exhausted and there is nothing to work on. Begin at once the use of this medicine, and be sure you take no other to counteract its effects.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of a bad case of blood-poisoning and restored me to health. My system was saturated with a poison which all ordinary remedies failed to reach, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla did the work completely. This was twenty-one years ago, and no symptoms of the disease have since appeared. I have recommended this wonderful medicine to hundreds of people, similarly afflicted, and always with the most satisfactory results."—A. H. Christy, Bourbon, Ind.

"For many years I was troubled with scrofulous complaints. Hearing Ayer's Sarsaparilla very highly recommended, I decided to try it, and have done so with the most gratifying effects. I am convinced that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best possible blood-medicine."—John W. Starr, Laconia, Ind.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

CHILDREN'S FANCY DANCES.

A New and Pleasing Fad That Is Bound to be Popular.

FANCIES are noted in popular fads. Instead of banjo playing and fencing, teaching of fancy dances to children is the rage. No sooner are the little ones of fashionable folks well out of baby clothes than they are put under the care of the dancing master.

One of the best masters here in New York says there is a greater demand now among parents than at any previous time in his long experience. He lays it to the fact that mothers begin to realize very sensibly that while it gives their children the grace and suppleness that can never be attained in later years, it is invaluable for exercise and health. The children learn with the greatest facility, and it is a very charming thing to see them executing the most difficult and complicated movements with the grace and ease of a professional ballet dancer.

Such dances as the sailor's hornpipe and Highland fling hardly need a word of description, as they are known to every one. But there are several new dances, some of which are adapted from those of Letty Lind

SCARF DANCE.

and others of the London Gaiety company, and some from "Nadjy," which are simply a delight to behold.

There are two dances, "The Fascinations" and "Scarf Dance," which call for especial mention. The "Scarf" dance, which is considered extremely attractive, is usually performed by one little girl supported by a number of others, each participant holding a gayly-colored scarf. The dance may be executed by one child alone without the others; in either case the movements are almost the same. When performed by a number the ensemble enter first, an equal number from each side, describing a complete circle about the room. On finishing this movement they form oblique lines. In this position several pretty posings are introduced.

When this terminates the principal or solo dancer enters. Her dance is divided into three parts, each consisting of eight steps, all of which are quite intricate and difficult. Various evolutions are performed with the scarf, and a charming foot movement, the child tripping about in all directions, meanwhile constantly weaving the silken scarf about the head, causing it to

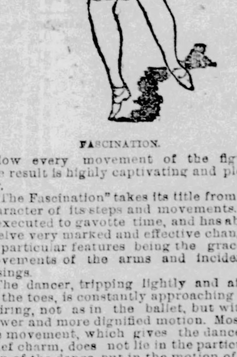
FASCINATION.

follow every movement of the figure. The result is highly captivating and pleasing.

The Fascination" takes its title from the character of its steps and movements. It is executed to gavotte time, and has about twelve very marked and effective changes, its particular features being the graceful movements of the arms and incidental posings.

The dancer, tripping lightly and airily on the toes, is constantly approaching and retiring, not as in the ballet, but with a slower and more dignified motion. Most of the movement, which gives the dance its chief charm, does not lie in the particular step of the dance out in the motion of the body from the waist up and the harmonious wavings of the arms.

One of the changes consists in placing the arms gracefully above the head, the body then bending backward, with the toe of the right foot brought forward and the weight of the body resting on the left foot. After posing an instant in this difficult position at the beginning of a new measure of the music a turn about is made and the same movement gone through



TWO OF A KIND.

with, the weight resting, of course, on the other foot this time. A few measures are then danced to a simple step suited to the music; then another advance to the center is made, and the whole figure gone through with again.

In another change the movement of the body is from side to side, both arms bending in lovely curves to the right or left, suited to the action of the body. After this the two changes just spoken of may be combined with one figure.

Of course there are so many changes that it is impossible to describe them, but it can be easily understood that nothing could be more beautiful than this dance as it is executed by a child with pretty rounded arms and graceful carriage.

When there are several children in one family, they are often taught dances especially suited to their age and number. They take the greatest pleasure in learning, and use their utmost efforts to do well, as they are looking forward to the summer, when they can display their accomplishments at the children's balls.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Props., New York.

SECRETS OF LIFE FREE.

A Private Adviser for those contemplating marriage and for men suffering from Private, Nervous or Chronic Diseases. Sent prepaid by express only, on receipt of 10 cents.

Consult the Old Doctor

Graduated with high honors at both Rush and Bennett Medical Colleges of Chicago. Twenty years' experience as Professor, Lecturer, Author and Specialist in the Treatment and Cure of

Private, Nervous & Chronic Diseases

Thousands of young men and women saved from an early grave; made mothers and fathers; and restored to permanent manhood and womanhood. Read "Secrets of Life," sent prepaid by express only, on receipt of ten cents.

LOST MANHOOD, NERVOUS DEBILITY, ABUSES

of the SYSTEM, EXHAUSTED VITALITY, CONFUSION of IDEAS, AVERSION TO SOCIETY, LOSS OF ENERGY, PREMATURE DECLINE, VARICOCELE AND IMPOTENCY—all resulting from the damning effects of youthful errors and excesses. You may be in the first stages, but remember that you are fast approaching the last. Do not let false pride or sham modesty deter you from attending to your agonizing ailments. Many a bright and naturally gifted young man followed with genius has permitted his case to run on and on until remorse racked his intellect and death claimed its victim. For remember, "Procrastination is the thief of time."

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES,

Such as SYPHILIS in all its fearful stages—PRIMARY, SECONDARY, TERTIARY; ULCEROUS EFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT, NOSE, BONES, AND LOSS OF THE HAIR, as well as GONORRHŒA, GLEETY OR CONTAGIOUS DISCHARGES, STRICTURE, CISTITIS AND ORCHITIS, all resulting from EXPOSURE and IMPURE INTERCOURSE.

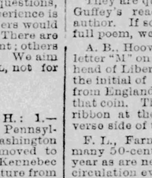
We have so arranged our treatment for the above diseases that it will not only afford immediate relief, but permanent cure. REMEMBER, *we guarantee to forfeit* $500 *for every case of Private Disease that we undertake and fail to cure.* All interviews and letters are sacredly confidential. Medicine packed so as not to excite curiosity, and sent by express if full description of case is given, but one personal interview in all cases preferred. Consultation free. Send stamp for question list.

L. R. WILLIAMS, M. D., 68 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

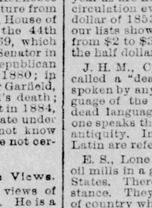
NEW PHASES FOR OLD GLORY.

Arrangements Suggested for Present and Possible Stars in the National Firmament.

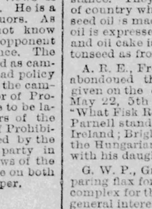
Very fortuitously the creation of four new states by the last Congress of the United States, admits of an easy arrangement of the stars upon the blue field composing the "jack" of the national flag. Naturally the arrangement falls into six lines, each consisting of seven stars, as below:—



But a prettier arrangement than this, and at the same time one not less precise, might be made, the advantage of which would be that, in the case of the admission within a few years of one or more territories now on the high road to statehood, the "jack" might be rearranged on a plan that would make a less radical change in its general appearance than a change from this design would necessitate, and at the same time flare representing the Union as it is at present might be altered if not worn out with much less expense than the construction of a new "jack" would involve. Here is the plan:



In the case of the admission of one, two or three new states (and the modification could be carried still further if necessary, as, for instance, in case of the annexation of any or all of the provinces constituting the Dominion of Canada) it would be easy to take from the center of the field four stars, placing at each corner of the field one star, and in the vacant space a star for each new state. The field, as prepared for the new star or stars, would then appear as below:



The arrangement of one, two, three, five or six new stars in the vacant center of the field, in an artistic manner, would be very easy. The general form is susceptible of many additions without any very essential changes in the field, so far as mechanical construction is concerned.—*New York Herald.*

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

Something About This Wonderful Piece of Masonry.

The Great Wall of China is after all only a wall. And it was built with the same object as every other wall—to keep people from coming where they were not wanted. Mr. Toole's famous account of it is as historically accurate as any. "The most important building in China," he is accustomed to say, "is the Chinese wall built to keep the Tartars out. It was built at such an enormous expense that the Chinese never got over it. But the Tartars did. And the way they accomplished this feat was as follows: one went first and t'other went arter." It differs from other walls in only two respects, its age and its size. The former is 2,002 years, the latter is such that it is the only work of human hands on the globe visible from the moon. (I take no responsibility for either of these statements.) The Chinese name for it is Wan-li-ch'ang-ch'eng, "the wall ten thousand li long." And the gate on this highway is called Pa-ta-ling and is about fifty miles northwest of Kalgan, 3,000 feet above the sea. Beyond it lies Mongolia.

Half an our after this first glimpse I stood upon the wall itself. The gateway is a large double one, with a square tower upon it, pierced with oblong openings for cannon, of which a dozen old ones lie in a heap, showing that at one time the road was seriously defended at this point. A rough stairway leads to the top, which is about twenty feet wide, with a crenelated parapet on each side, and you can walk along it as far as you can see, with here and there a scramble where it has fallen in a little. On the whole, it is in excellent repair, having, of course, been mended and rebuilt many times. Every half mile or so is a little square tower of two stories. The wall itself varies a good deal in height, according to the nature of the ground, averaging probably about forty feet. On one side Mongolia, as you see it, is a vast undulating brown plain; on the other side China is a perfect sea of brown hills in all directions, and across these stretches the great wall.

On the hill-top, through the valleys, up and down the sides, it twists in an unbroken line, exactly like a huge earthworm suddenly turned to stone. For many miles it is visible in both directions, and when you can no longer trace its entire length you can still discover it topping the hills one after another into the remote distance. And when you reflect that it is built of bricks, in almost inaccessible places, through uninhabited countries, that each brick must have been transported on a man's shoulders enormous distances, and that it extends for 2,000 miles, or one-twelfth of the circumference of the globe, you begin to realize that you are looking upon the most colossal achievement of human hands. The bricks are so big and heavy that I had to hire a little donkey to carry off two of them. This is the only piece of vandalism to which I plead guilty on this trip, but the temptation was irresistible, and "they never will be missed." Nowadays, of course, the wall serves no defensive purpose whatever, and is not guarded in any way. Not a soul lives within miles of it at most points, and it is but a landmark for the Mongols's camel trains, a stupendous monument to the great past of China, and an evidence of Celestial greatness and enterprise gone never to return.

FOUNDATIONS OF FORTUNES.

Senator Farwell began life as a surveyor.

Cornelius Vanderbilt began life as a farmer.

Wanamaker's first salary was $1.25 a week.

A. T. Stewart made his start as a school teacher.

Jim Keene drove a milk wagon in a California town.

Cyrus Field began life as a clerk in a New England store.

Pulitzer once ac

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1889.

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ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

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Circulation Last Week, 100,000.

SOME POINTS IN PENNSYLVANIA'S PROHIBITION STRUGGLE.

It is clearly evident that the Rum Power is determined to defeat Prohibition in Pennsylvania if corruption and falsehood can do it. Of course "Prohibition does not prohibit"—oh, no! Yet *Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular*, which is the recognized organ of the wholesale liquor trade, makes the following editorial remark:

We must defeat the Pennsylvania amendment. It is too important a state to lose. The moral effect of a defeat in that contest would be incalculable. It would demoralize trade from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

There you have the secret of the whole matter—money. Should the amendment carry, it "would demoralize trade"—by which *Bonfort's* means of course the liquor traffic. What does it matter to the men who make money by the Rum traffic, what evils come upon the people as a consequence? They care for nothing save the money they make out of it. They take the same position regarding their fellow-men that CAIN did—"Am I my brother's keeper?" The amendment must be defeated in order that the Rum Power may continue to fatten on its ill-gotten gains. Pennsylvania is "too important a state to lose!" There is too much money made by whisky men in Pennsylvania for them to abandon it without a desperate struggle—and the moral effect would be great, too, in pushing the cause of Prohibition in other states.

It did not need this utterance to render us certain that every possible effort will be made to defeat the amendment, fair or foul. The moneyed interest at stake on the part of the Rum Power is simply enormous, and the average man will do more from the love of money than from any other motive. The moral side of the question is kept out of sight. It matters not that the continuance of the Rum traffic in Pennsylvania means the ruin of thousands and tens of thousands of young men and boys, the hope and pride of their parents, to-day light hearted and gay, utterly unconscious of the doom impending over them. It matters not that the defeat of the amendment means that women shall spend their lives in poverty and misery, as the wives of these drunkards yet to be; that their children shall be born in poverty, reared in privation, ill-clad, badly fed and poorly housed, all hope of a fair start in the race of life cut off by their home surroundings, by their deprivation of proper educational facilities—handicapped from their birth by the vice of their fathers; that vice shall flourish in the corrupt soil provided for it by the Rum habit; that the people of Pennsylvania shall be taxed at the rate of eighty millions a year to maintain this horrible traffic! No; none of these things matter—only defeat the amendment, that "trade" may not be demoralized!

The battle in Pennsylvania is simply a struggle between public morality and decency on the one hand and human greed on the other. There are eighty millions of dollars spent every year in that state for Rum in its varied forms. There are immense interests battling for life against the amendment. Not only is every man who makes money out of the Rum traffic in that state contributing money with a lavish hand, but men engaged in the same business in all the other states are liberally aiding the Rum campaign. The liquor men of New York alone are pledged to duplicate any amount raised in Pennsylvania for a corruption fund. Money is pouring in from the liquor interest of other states. There is no lack of funds to do anything against the amendment that money can do. On the other hand, the Prohibition campaign lacks funds sadly. Every citizen who is awake to the terrible evils of the Rum traffic should contribute to aid the struggle against the Rum Power, with its millions of ill-gotten wealth, in Pennsylvania.

Not only is the Rum Power putting forth every effort possible, but the most atrocious falsehoods are now being circulated all over the state against the amendment. The press is largely subsidized, by paying advertising rates for the insertion of column upon column of articles inimical to Prohibition. Of course, the more atrocious lies are so palpable that no newspaper man will insert them, because they would be instantly detected and exposed. Hence they are printed in the form of handbills and pamphlets, and circulated in the rural regions. One of these is a handbill headed, "Weighed and Found Wanting." It purports to be a brief history of the defeats Prohibition has sustained within the past 35 years. In the first place, the sentiment in favor of Prohibition has become generally popular only within the past few years; and hence statistics of the period anterior to about 1880 have no value whatever. Second, the sheet is full of flagrant lies, like the following:

The independent anti-prohibition Republicans and Democrats of Iowa are uniting for the purpose of overthrowing Prohibition.

There are no "anti-prohibition Republicans" in Iowa, and a large number of the Democrats of the state are in favor of Prohibition. The law could not possibly be repealed in Iowa, were it now left to a vote of the people. The whole circular is full of such falsehoods.

Another phase of the Pennsylvania struggle is the stress laid on the "vast business interests" involved. We copy from a Philadelphia paper the following recapitulation of the capital, etc., employed in the wholesale and retail Rum traffic of Pennsylvania. Of course the figures are made as large as possible, for the article in which they appear is directed against the amendment:

Value of real estate	$144,722,425
Number of men employed	17,000
Amount paid for wages	$ 8,121,880
Amount paid U. S. for license and stamps (liquor)	12,562,929
Amount paid state and county license fees	1,743,570
Amount paid taxes on real estate	4,401,672
Amount paid for materials used, insurance, etc	27,172,878

The first item can at once be stricken out. Should the amendment be adopted, the real estate will still be there, and it will be worth as much as it is to-day. The taxes on real estate will remain the same. Adding all the other financial items together, they make a total of about $50,000,000 spent by the Rum interest. Per contra, the people pay per year $80,000,000 for Rum. It is better to lose fifty millions than eighty millions! That is plain to every sensible man. But the loss would not be fifty millions. Examine the above figures carefully. With the eighty millions now spent for Rum poured into the channels of legitimate traffic, there would be an increase of business that would need more than the 17,000 men said to be employed in the Rum traffic. Hence their wages need not enter into the calculation. This takes eight millions out. The "materials used" would be needed for other purposes; the insurance on buildings, stores, etc., is not properly to be counted in the comparison, because the buildings are worth as much as they ever were, and it would not be lost by Prohibition. The only legitimate items are the sums paid for United States liquor taxation and state and county licenses—a total of a little more than fourteen million dollars.

The account really stands with these fourteen millions on the one side, and the eighty millions paid for Rum on the other. Is it good business to pay out eighty millions in order that the governments, state and national, may obtain fourteen millions? Add to the cost of Rum the vast amounts it costs indirectly in every way, and the disparity is at least doubled. Recall the fact that in Iowa, within the past two years, the number of convicts in the state prisons has decreased 25 per cent, owing to the decrease of crime through Prohibition; that the sheriff's position, once a bonanza, has, in most of the counties, become the poorest paid; that in over half the counties of Iowa the jails have stood empty during the past year; and that the state is increasing in wealth, in population, rapidly. These *facts* answer completely the mountain of falsehoods that have been uttered and printed in Pennsylvania in behalf of Rum. If the voters of that state could see, with their own eyes, how grand, how complete a success Prohibition is in Iowa and Kansas, they would unite solidly in favor of the amendment, and thus utterly

Pulverize the Rum Power.

NOTARIES PUBLIC AND THEIR DUTIES.

Those useful public functionaries, notaries public, have had their duties newly defined in one direction by a recent decision of the United States Supreme court. A deputy United States surveyor, named JAMES D. HALL, was charged with making a false oath before a notary public as to his services in his official capacity. The principal question at issue was whether a notary public has authority to administer such an oath. The court says he has not, and holds that an oath can be administered only by the officer specifically named in the law requiring the oath. In other words, where an oath is required by a United States statute, that oath can be administered only by an officer of the United States. Hence, a notary public, being a state officer, cannot administer oaths to United States officials, nor in cases where the United States has an interest, except the statute specifically state that such an oath may be made before such state official.

This opinion, it is believed, seriously affects the status of more than 100,000 cases in the mineral division alone of the General Land office. Deputy United States mineral surveyors have for several years, it is said, sworn to the correctness of their surveys before notaries public. During the last four years a large number of cases under the general land laws have been received for patent at the General Land office, where final proof was not made before the officer designated by law for the purpose. These cases have been referred to the board of Equitable Adjudication in the General Land office, and, where no other error was found, have been allowed to go to patent. This policy was first adopted by Secretary VILAS. Like a great many other Democratic executive methods, it was a slipshod way of doing business.

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINES.

We regret to say that we are so badly behind in orders for the Blade Sewing Machine, that we are compelled to ask, as a special favor, that *no further orders* for machines be sent till the announcement is made in these columns that we are ready to receive them. Our orders are at least a month behind, and those whose orders are yet unfilled may have to wait that long before receiving their machines. We dislike delays, and hence beg that no further orders be sent until we announce our readiness to receive them.

Our repair department has necessarily been closed down for a number of weeks. We have on hand several machines not yet repaired; but we hope to be able, within the next month, to put them in order and return them to their owners in first-class condition. Meanwhile, we specially ask that no machines be sent to us for repairs till due announcement is made that we are ready to receive them.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to THE BLADE from Mississippi, and incloses a clipping from the Byhalia, Miss., *Journal*, suggested by the massacre at Forest City, which is as follows:

The white minority rules, and of course it is for the good of the country.

Our correspondent, commenting on this, goes on to say:

This expresses the sentiment of the country here. Martial law will be the only protection to the Republicans of these states, as they are determined to massacre, if they can in no other way keep the colored people from exercising their rights.

We have an abiding faith that the Fifty-first Congress will take hold of this matter, and see to it that the elections in the South are honest, as far as the choice of members of Congress and Presidential elections is concerned.

THE Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* stands sturdily by its sun-spot theory, and declares that the period of stormy weather from May 27 to 31 was undoubtedly caused by the return, though the sun's rotation, of the disturbance of May 4 and 5, which was very energetic, showing a group of spots. We are getting interested in our New York contemporary's hypothesis. This spring it is either proving true or has had a remarkable series of lucky coincidences in its favor.

THE mugwump papers evince mortal terror lest the assertion of our undoubted rights in Behring Sea, obtained by cession and purchase from Russia, shall lead to war with England. Calm yourselves, brethren; BLAINE knows what he is doing, and HARRISON is giving the Secretary's work his personal supervision. No one supposes England is going to war over the matter. The mugwumps should calm their perturbed spirits.

HENRY B. PAYNE, who holds a seat in the United States Senate by methods which covered those concerned in them with infamy, has announced that he will not be a candidate for re election. Mr. PAYNE disavowed being a candidate on the former occasion, but all the same he obtained the place. Does he think the same tactics will win a second time, or is he really in earnest?

THE New York *Tribune* wickedly attributes to DAVID BENNETT HILL a clever parody on a well-known poem, of which the first stanza is herewith reproduced, as a taste of its quality:

Listen to the millwheel,
All the livelong day!
Can you tell me, Grover,
What the wheel does say?
Soft I heard it murmur,
When I met you last—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that is passed."

FROM every side come tales of storms, wrecks and disasters. The lakes have been swept by gales that have done much damage to shipping. Heavy rains have injured crops and washed away property. The ocean has added its quota to the list of disasters, and now comes the Johnstown tragedy to cap it all. Truly May was an ill-fated mouth this year.

AN AWFUL TRAGEDY.

Every report of the Johnstown disaster adds to its horrors. What at first were thought exaggerated statements are now known to be but a suggestion of the awful truth. The situation is so terrible that the mind of man can scarcely compass it. It is the most fearful tragedy of modern times. A death list that on Saturday morning was put at two hundred, had grown to two thousand by Saturday evening, and now, that still more has been learned of the situation, those latter figures are doubtful. Four thousand people have been killed, families have been disrupted, starving children are bewailing the loss of parents, and parents are weeping for children whose dead bodies even they may never see. The homes of an entire community have been destroyed. The means of earning a livelihood taken away from the living, an opportunity for a decent burial will be denied to many of the dead. Property has been swept away which can never be replaced. Flourishing industries have been blotted out. A city has gone out of existence. Where a few days ago prosperity and contentment existed, is now mourning, desolation and privation. Hunger has added its horrors to exposure, and men, women and children are without shelter, clothing or food.

Think of the full horror of it!

Under such circumstances, who is there that can refuse to give, no matter how little, to relieve, as far as human aid can, such suffering? The dead cannot be brought back to life, but the living can be kept alive. The sorrow for lost ones cannot be assuaged, but the existence of the sorrowers can be made more tolerable. No more worthy cause ever appealed to a charitable public. It is believed that none will ever have been more promptly responded to.

RAILWAY SAFETY APPLIANCES.

It has always been a matter of wonder to those who gave thought to the subject that there should be so great a distinction made as to the governmental control exercised over steamboat traffic as compared with railway business. The steamer is not allowed to carry passengers until she has been thoroughly inspected by government officials, her boilers and machinery thoroughly examined, and she not only found to be safe, but fully equipped with life-saving appliances; while her engineers and pilot have to obtain government licenses. But nothing of the sort is done with regard to railways. If it is a proper and just precaution in the one case, why not in the other?

In the light of the above, it is interesting to know that the Inter-state Commerce commission has started to make an inquiry relating to safety appliances on railroads. There is a large annual loss of life in this country caused by the failure of railroad corporations to adopt approved appliances and methods of securing the safety of employes and passengers. The employes are subject to greater danger from this neglect than are the passengers. The former are in a position where they cannot complain without fear of discharge. It is in their interest that the commission has begun the inquiry. But whatever benefits the employe in this regard is also of advantage to the passenger. There is no reason why precautions should be taken by the government for the safety of people on steamers, and not upon railways. The step thus inaugurated is a move in the right direction.

RELICS OF A POLITICAL BOOM.

Some of our Democratic brethren of the press are making a terrible row over the fact that, through his own carelessness, Gen. BLACK, the late Commissioner of Pensions, left on the official files of that office a great deal of his private political correspondence which ought never to have been put upon the files, or ever to have been written in a government office, and that this correspondence has come into the possession of Corporal TANNER. The chief point of political interest connected with the matter is whether or not Commissioner TANNER will make public use of it. Mr. TANNER has said that he will not, and that while he is a political enemy, he is a personal friend of Gen. BLACK.

But Corporal TANNER will find in his office a very important political precedent as to just such correspondence. It happened that the predecessor of General BLACK in the pension office left a personal political letter book in the pension office. That letter book General BLACK made much public use of, and its contents figured very extensively in Democratic investigations, speeches and campaign books. It remains to be seen whether Corporal TANNER will follow the precedent set by General BLACK himself. The correspondence, which contains the inside history of General BLACK's candidacy for the Vice Presidential nomination, and showing the extent to which the pension office force was used for political purposes in General BLACK's interest, would undoubtedly be very interesting.

FREE SPECIMENS.

The BLADE desires to send specimen copies to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce the BLADE *everywhere*.

THE recent banquet in CLEVELAND'S honor in New York City is stirring up considerable bitterness in the Empire state. The Buffalo *News*, which last year supported HILL for governor, but HARRISON for President, comments as follows upon CLEVELAND'S bid for renomination in 1892 in his speech on the festive occasion referred to:

He is beyond compare the Baal of the American annex of the Cobden club. As their candidate Mr. Cleveland would have the unanimous vote in convention, but no further, for the party leaders would not commit premeditated suicide by placing him again in nomination. Mr. Cleveland forced the issue to secure his renomination for the contest of 1888, and he worked it for all it was worth. He had the support of all that wing of his party, the Morrisons, the Milises and the whole brood of lesser free trade lights. In the light of past experience Mr. Cleveland's second candidacy would be farcical.

ACCORDING to the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Gen. H. V. BOYNTON, Washington representative of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, is alleged to be responsible for the withdrawal of BEVERLY TUCKER'S name by the President, as one of the Haytian commissioners. TUCKER is a close personal friend of Secretary BLAINE, while Gen. BOYNTON and the Secretary are not on good terms. The story goes that BOYTON saw a chance to get a bit of revenge on Mr. BLAINE, and he took advantage of it by persuading the President into withdrawing the appointment, which was made on the recommendation of the secretary of State.

THE Democratic lie that there is no money to pay pensions has been quietly set down upon by Commissioner of Pensions TANNER. The fiscal year ends on June 30, and of course the money appropriated for the closing fiscal year's expenditures is nearly gone, as is always the case. Ample provision has been made, however, for the next fiscal year, and the veterans will continue to draw their little incomes to their own comfort and to the disgust of the combined mugwumps and Democrats.

MRS. HARRISON has produced the cleverest pun of the season. MRS. FRANK LESLIE was apologizing for the picture she had published of her, saying it did not do her justice. "I've always heard," said the mistress of the White House, "that wood cuts were the unkindest cuts of all."

HOME RULE IN INDIA.

The home rule movement in the British Empire is not confined to Ireland. The latter agitation is absolutely trivial when compared with the growing demand in India for home rule. British India embraces not less than two hundred and fifty millions of natives—about four times the entire population of the United States; and this enormous number is under the rule of less than 100,000 English residents! The home rule movement in India exhibits several remarkable features. Force is not used, nor is the law set at defiance, as is the case with the turbulent Irish peasantry; and the movement, strange to say, is the outcome of English education. The leaders in the movement are the high-caste Hindoo youth, who have been liberally educated according to Western ideals at the universities, both in the great Indian cities and in England.

The democratic ideas of the nineteenth century have gained an astonishing foothold in the virgin soil of these fresh minds, and these men have become the leaders of the teeming millions of India, both Hindoos and Mohammedans, in the aspiration for free institutions and local self-government. Two things are demanded of the British government, and the demand comes from all over India: first, a larger participation of the natives in the holding of all important offices; second, the power to examine and change or annul all measures proposed by England for the taxation of the natives.

A few months ago a "Home Rule Congress" was held at Allahabad, composed of 1,500 delegates, to formulate in detail the needs of the country and the wishes of the people of the sections represented by delegates in that body. This congress represented the intellect of native India; and the astonishing fact that was apparent that there was not a single delegate of the fifteen hundred present who was not familiar with the progress of popular government in America and Europe, and keenly alive to the advantages given by free institutions. The demands formulated by this congress embraces the reconstruction of the legislative council, absolute separation of judicial from executive functions in individuals, that the judiciary of the whole country shall be trained and rendered competent legally, and that natives shall be freely admitted to all administrative and executive positions. The outcome of this movement will be watched with the deepest interest by the friends of freedom everywhere, especially in America.

BLAINE AND SAMOA.

There were three diplomatic difficulties left as a legacy to the Republican administration by the incapacity of Mr. BAYARD and his chief—the Samoan, the Canadian fisheries, and the Behring Sea matters. The first has been brought to a most satisfactory ending, and there is every reason to suppose the same result will follow in the two remaining cases. Bitter as is the enmity to Mr. BLAINE among mugwumps and Democrats, the fact cannot be denied that he is a statesman of the first class. The Samoan negotiations at Berlin have been watched closely by the secretary, and he has kept a close supervision of the American case by cable. The United States has steadily aimed at the utmost possible independence for the Samoans. The German government has desired to extend European interests as far as possible; but, after a slight hesitation, the German commissioners have invariably yielded whatever concessions America asked in the direction of Samoan independence.

On the other hand, the Americans have conceded practically nothing, adhering to their original claims. Some show of conciliation was made toward the close of the conference by the Americans leaving the appointment of the first resident judge of the European community to England. In official circles in Berlin, according to the New York Associated Press, it is surmised that as Chief Justice COLERIDGE will have the power to appoint the judge, the known personal relations of the chief justice with America had something to do with the American commissioners' concession.

SORGHUM SUGAR MAKING.

The sorghum industry in the West seems to be getting on a firm foundation. The difficulties and drawbacks inseparable from the first trials of a new industrial process on a large scale seem to have been overcome in the "diffusion process" for extracting the sugar from the cane, and the new industry is making satisfactory progress. Within the past year or two, new and better methods of cultivation have been devised, to say nothing of the invention of improved apparatus and machinery. Although the last season was not an especially propitious one for the crop in Kansas, yet on the average it yielded ten tons per acre, which, delivered at the factories, brought the farmers $2 per ton. This is regarded as paying compensation when the raiser does not have to transport the sorghum too far. Next year will see a large number of new sorghum mills in the state.

An important feature in connection with sorghum manufacture is the new and profitable uses to which the by-material—what is left after the extraction of the sugar—may be applied. For in stance this, it is found, may be fed to cattle with excellent results so far as fattening purposes are concerned. The general belief seems to be at present that sorghum manufacture cannot be profitably pushed on a small scale. But in time new processes may be discovered which will obviate this difficulty.

SEAL POACHING.

There is a pretty little game of bluff beginning on England's part over the President's proclamation warning sealers from pursuing their catch in Behring sea. The British government sent two cruisers, the cruisers, the Amphion and Swiftsure, to protect Canadian seal poachers. Uncle Sam promptly responded by ordering three war ships, the Adams, Iroquois and Thetis, and the revenue cutters Rush and Bear, to Sitka. The Rush and Bear will receive new and effective guns at the Mare island navy yard, so as to fit them for any possible conflict with the armed Canadian poachers. The five vessels have been instructed to enforce the rights acquired by treaty from Russia and set forth by a law of Congress and proclamation by President HARRISON. While Russia controlled Alaska, Great Britain was compelled to respect Russian claims to Behring Sea and its seal fisheries. We bought Russia's interest, and will defend it. England's little game of bluff will not work.

CHOLERA of a most malignant type is raging at Madras, and it seems probable that the scourge will devastate India, and take up its line of march westward around the world, as it has done in former times. Rigid quarantine should keep it from crossing the Atlantic.

THE entries so far for the Democratic Presidential nomination of 1892 are CLEVELAND, HILL and WHITNEY. We are inclined to think the latter stands the best show of getting his nose under the wire first.

THE Mobile, Ala., *Register* favors the idea of acquiring Cuba on the ground that it would make another reliable Democratic state. If there is no better reason for taking Cuba into the Union it will never be done.

IT is intimated that there are many Democrats in New York who are for CLEVELAND because they dislike HILL so intensely. It is simply a choice of evils to them, and they take the least.

MEMORIAL DAY.

From Toledo Daily Blade, May 30.

The whirring wheels in mill and shop today stand stiff and still; the very brook is quiet that passes by the mill; and from the clouds there droppeth (or perchance from angels' eyes!) the pitying tears of Nature on the grave where our soldier lies. His watch and march are over; his battles fought and won; no trumpet sound can reach him except the heavenly one; his deeds are writ in marble; his fame shall last in song, and down the coming ages his praise shall roll along.

'Tis well that busy marts of trade should idly stand to-day, and memory, with her myriad tongues, our thoughts and passions sway; and children see what loving thoughts we give to those brave men who saved to us our country, though they died in prison pen. Place flags and flowers above them, sing dirges soft and slow; tell of their deeds in burning words and with true passion's glow; for never men fought grander or had grander cause for fight, for wrong is wrong forever and right is always right.

But as we stand about the graves of those who passed above, let not the tongue be silent, give the living words of love. They gather, with their broken ranks, to honor comrades gone, but, oh, for them should still be giv'n our holiest praise and song. Their steps are slow, their heads are gray, their eyes are weak and dim; soon their Great Commander's signal will bid them march to Him. But while still with us they linger; while still our words they hear, be their's the place of honor whose lives we hold most dear. Wait not till over them are thrown the grave-yard's seed and sod; but now, while eye shall answer eye, and heart with rapture throb, give them your heartiest hand-clasp, speak your warmest words of love; too soon, alas! too soon they'll pass to the Grand Review above.

THE SOUTHERN QUESTION.

There are indications that the administration will take up the matter of the suppression of votes in the South in earnest; and it is said that President HARRISON has mentioned to certain leading Senators his intention, in his first message to Congress, to demand federal control of Congressional elections. Should this statement be correct, the question thus raised will transcend in importance all other subjects of Congressional debate at the coming session.

For years the Republican party has called the attention of the voters of the nation to the iniquity of the election farces in the South, but has been able to do nothing to remedy them, because of an adverse majority in the House of Representatives. This majority has now disappeared, and the Republicans are in control of both branches of Congress. It is fitting that some method of restoring the constitutional rights of the voters should now be elaborated into law. The majority in the House, it is true, will be small; but on such a question as this there should not be a single dissentient in the Republican ranks—for the fundamental doctrine of the party is the recognition of the absolute equality of all men before the law. It is the only party which makes no political distinction on account of race or color.

Whatever measure may be worked out, it will have to be based on the principle of federal control of federal elections, and their consequent removal from the power of state officials; and as a necessary adjunct to this, the certification of the result by federal officials, instead of by the governors of the states. It is not in the power of the federal government to interfere with the election of state officials of any kind; but it has the power to control federal elections, and this power should be exercised, in order that the provisions of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the constitution shall be no longer nullified in a number of states.

HILL'S LAST UTTERANCE.

DAVID BENNETT HILL, governor of New York, is a wily politician. He has proven it. He is a tricky one. Events have shown it. But that he cannot arise above that level, and that he does not possess the qualities of ordinary decency, is abundantly shown by this uncalled-for reference to an idle story which no man believed:

I refuse to believe, however, the story that Lord Iveagh, of Guinness brewing fame, presented to the President-elect the contents of his wine cellar for use in the White House, and left there his English servants to take the places of the faithful colored servants who had been retained by President Cleveland.

When the governor of a great state gave a lie of this kind the quasi-endorsement of even mentioning it, he degraded his office. It is unfortunate for New York that her governors so often bring her into contempt.

THE everlasting Irish question overshadows every other in British legislation, and consequently blocks the way of national matters that need at least equal attention. The Liberal party is pledged to the destruction of trusts by legislation, the abolition of perpetual pensions, the abandonment of state aid to the church, the establishment of county self-government, the reduction of the number of offices by the abolition of all unnecessary positions, and the re-organization of the House of Lords. In order to accomplish these important and sadly needed reforms, the people of England should certainly be willing to grant home rule to Ireland.

IT is by no means certain that Montana will be a Democratic state. At the recent election of delegates to the constitutional convention, there was a narrow Democratic majority; but as not more than 40 per cent of the total number of voters went to the polls, it will not do to assume that in the remaining 60 per cent who did not vote there is a numerical majority of Democrats. We think that the result will show that the new state is Republican, as she ought to be. But, Republican or Democratic, she deserved admission to the Union, and we are glad she obtained her right.

IT begins to look as though the calling of an extra session of congress in October will be a necessity, if there is to be any effective legislative work done next winter. The Democrats of the House seem determined on a policy of obstruction and bulldozing, and to prevent them from using up all the time of the first session of the new Congress, its organization and revision of rules must be effected before the ordinary session. Unless this is done by an early call, the first two years of this administration may be frittered away. There seems to be very urgent reasons why Congress should be put into a working condition as early as possible.

THE Bourbons of Florida, who recently deprived the city of Jacksonville of all the rights of local self-government because white Republicans from the North were getting hold of too much power there, are now troubled by the fear that the legislative act which accomplished their purpose may be declared unconstitutional. The shameful lengths to which Southern Democrats will go to retain factional control are but imperfectly realized in the portions of the country where freedom of speech and of political belief is fully recognized.

IT looks as though the abominable row between the Virginia Republican leaders will be settled by the new arrangement, just perfected, whereby the chairmen of the city and county committees shall be selected by the party instead of by the chairman of the state committee. Unanimity among the Republicans there is the only thing needed to make Virginia a Republican state.

FITZHUGH LEE ON LONGSTREET.

That embodiment of old Confederate venom, FITZHUGH LEE, in his address at the unveiling of a monument to the rebel dead at Alexandria, Va., endeavored to show that LONGSTREET was responsible for LEE'S defeat at Gettysburg. This attack was undoubtedly made because LONGSTREET accepted the settlement made by the war, and turned his face to the morning, instead of pitching his tent among the ruins of the old order of things. As a military criticism, LEE'S address is weak. In point of fact, he bases his argument upon an untruth—that Gen. R. E. LEE was, on July 3, 1863, compelled to the alternative of either attacking the Union army in front, or of retreating.

There was a third course open to LEE—a course commended by LONGSTREET—to make a flank movement and turn the Union position. We know now that this could have been done, and that the chances of success would have been at least equal to those of defeat. Why LEE preferred an attack in front, where the attacking column had to march a mile over an open plain, exposed to a tremendous artillery fire, will probably never be known. Whether it was an error of judgment, or whether his information as to the Union position and force was erroneous, no one can tell. But he decided on an attack on the Union left center—and "PICKETT'S charge" has gone into history as a magnificent effort of brave men to achieve the impossible. Like the charge of the six hundred at Balaklava, "it was magnificent, but it was not war." It was simply sending men to their death. When PICKETT'S men reached their extreme advance, was the high tide mark of the rebellion. When they retreated, the wave of rebellion began its subsidence.

The mistake, it seems to us, was in an attempt to make the personal bravery of inferior numbers, on disadvantageous ground, take the place of military strategy. The fault lay with the man who ordered it done; and that man was ROBERT E. LEE. The attack was made under LONGSTREET'S command, and PICKETT'S brigade was in the lead. There were, in the attacking brigades and the reserves, about 12,000 men; and with this force an attack was made on a position and a force that would have been able to have driven back LEE'S total force, had it all been massed in that bloody charge across the wide level and up the heights of Cemetery Hill. LONGSTREET did all that he could do in an impossible effort. The blunder was not in the way LEE'S order was executed, but in the order itself for such a desperate, unnecessary and impracticable movement.

In point of fact, the entire invasion of Pennsylvania was itself a blunder, and a blunder of just the same character as the fruitless charge at Gettysburg. Had he won that battle, he would have been unable to have maintained a position north of the Potomac. Had MEADE shown more energy in the pursuit, his army would have been either captured or scattered. FITZHUGH LEE'S effort to put the blame on other shoulder's than those of his uncle, R. E. LEE, probably was prompted by the loyalty of a kinsman; but there is reliable testimony to the effect that LEE acknowledged his error of generalship in ordering the Gettysburg charge, and assumed whatever of blame attached thereto.

THE government supervision of railways in England is exceedingly rigorous and minute. The control of the lines is far closer than it is in America, or in any other country which does not own all its railroads. Yet, in the face of this fact, it is surprising to read in a leading agricultural English periodical, in its discussion of the foreign competition with British farmers, and the causes of its success, the statement that United States farmers are enabled to lay down their crop in Liverpool at lower rates than are their English, Russian and Indian competitors, because of the lower transportation charges, and because of our improved farming machinery. It is the honest belief of the Western farmer that railway freight rates are too high. Is that belief well founded? The English government exercises the right to fix rates on railways, and ours does not; yet they are much lower here than in England, and there is no probability that they will not remain so. In point of fact, our trunk lines are practically compelled to keep their rate on grain and breadstuffs to the seaboard low enough to enable us to compete successfully in the English market with our competitors, or lose the tariff entirely.

THE Grand Army is asking the railway companies of the United States to make a cent a mile rate to Milwaukee this summer, on the occasion of the national encampment. We hope it will be done. The veterans of the Union army are not overburdened with cash, as a general thing, and the greatest pleasure they enjoy is getting together every year to renew old friendships.

JOHN WANAMAKER is the Postmaster General of the United States, and he has an immense dry-goods store in Philadelphia. WANAMAKER & BROWN are clothing dealers in the same city; but the head of the firm is W. H. WANAMAKER, not JOHN. There is a great deal of confusion existing in the minds of some of our Democratic friends on this point.

AT the election next October, South Dakota, under the terms of the Sioux Falls constitution, lately adopted, will vote on putting prohibition and minority representation into that instrument. It is a little early to make any predictions as to whether these provisions will carry, though the probabilities favor the prohibition section.

THERE is one good suggestion in Senator EDMUNDS'S paper in the June *Forum*—that the election expenses of each party shall be published, and the publication be made compulsory. Such a precaution would go a long way toward preventing much of the corruption arising from the improper use of money in a campaign.

THE St. Louis *Republic* is a Democratic organ; yet, speaking of the Southern outrages on negroes, it warns its party that, unless the people of the Southern states suppress these political outrages "the century will go out before the national Democratic party goes in again."

THE latest news from Hayti is to the effect that the eight months' war in Hayti is at an end, HIPPOLITE'S insurgent forces being the victors. They have captured town after town in Southern Hayti, and at last accounts had entered Port-au-Prince. It is reported that Gen. LEGITIME has fled.

CLEVELAND is in the field for 1892; New York will dictate the Democratic nomination; DAVID BENNETT HILL, governor of New York, is stronger in that state than is STEPHEN GROVER CLEVELAND—as the election last November showed, when HILL was elected governor, but CLEVELAND lost the state.

THE New York *Times* urges the Democratic party to support legislation restricting the liquor traffic. This is equivalent to a recommendation to the Democracy to commit suicide. It is unnecessary to remark that the *Times* is a mugwump.

☞ DALL will be at the Chattanooga convention of Southern protectionist Democrats. The movement against the free trade foolishness grows apace in the Democratic ranks.

A GOOD REGULATION.

The civil service commission has made an excellent change in its rules, by providing that hereafter the list of those found eligible to appointment in the government service shall be made public. The original reason for secrecy in this matter was the idea that it would prevent political wire-workers from bringing pressure upon appointing officials to secure the appointment of a given person on the eligible list. In practice, however, it has been found that they were able, in various ways, to obtain the standing of such persons, while the outside public, and in fact all but themselves and the successful ones were ignorant of it; so the rule has not brought the results that were expected of it.

The new rule is in the direction of carrying out the sound doctrine that, in our form of government, publicity is a good thing, unless special reasons to the contrary can be shown, and the commission is now going to apply it fully in the case of the eligible list. The members feel that it is above all things necessary to drill into the minds of the public a belief in the absolute honesty and fairness of the present system of selecting public employes and of the way in which it is carried out. Says Mr. ROOSEVELT:

As far as we have power, we intend to have the law enforced with absolute honesty and without the least reference to the politics of the applicant. The commission wants to give the public confidence in the law and it feels that the best way to bring about that result is to have the work of the commission perfectly open and above board and perfectly simple.

Of course, while I believe implicitly that the merit system, as opposed to the old spoils system, has come to stay, I realize that many methods are more or less on trial even yet, and the commission has to make experiments all the time; and it is absolutely inevitable that there should be occasional mistakes. When we find we have made such a mistake, we shall simply reverse our action.

Now it is exactly so in this case. It was believed, with what seemed good reasons, by the original commission that secrecy in the matter of the eligible lists would work well. Now we are inclined to think that on the whole it has worked injustice, and the commission is going, therefore, to make the eligible lists, and the standing of each applicant public, and try how it works, reserving to itself liberty to alter the course if it is found to work badly.

We recognize at the outset that there are certain disadvantages connected with publicity while the certification for appointment includes three names at a time. There is a chance that people will bring pressure to bear upon the appointing powers to have them choose some particular favored one of the three, and when the lists were kept secret, it too often happened that the politicians found out what the public remained ignorant of, and brought pressure to bear anyhow.

So the commission thinks that the numerous advantages of publicity more than counterbalance its disadvantages. If the commission finds that any serious evasion of the spirit of the law occurs through improper pressure being brought to bear on the appointing power, in consequence of the lists being made public, then we shall try to establish some regulation to check the evil; we might advise that only two names at a time be certified or take some other step. At any rate for the time being we are convinced that we want to have everything made as public as possible so as to do away even with the possibility of an accusation of favoritism or underhand work in the examinations and the arrangement of the eligibles.

CANADIAN LUMBER.

The Toronto *Mail* has collected some figures on the lumber industry that are not only of interest in this country but show a state of affairs which is opposed to the opinions generally held. It says:

"It will be remembered that the export duty on logs was increased last year under authority from Parliament from $1 per 1,000 feet board measure to $3. Curiously enough this step led to an examination, for the first time apparently, of the dimensions of the log trade between the two countries; and the unexpected discovery was made that the amount of logs from the United states greatly exceeded our export of logs in that country. From the period of 1880 to 1883 over $6,000,000 in value of pine, spruce and cedar logs were floated down the St. John river from the state of Maine to New Brunswick and converted into lumber at St. John; while logs to the value of $4,300,000 were brought into Canada from other parts of the United States. During the same period $2,351,000 in value of logs of all kinds were exported from Canada to the United States, and of this amount only $156,000 worth was pine. Our importation of logs from the United States is therefore more than fourfold greater than our exports there. The American lumber interest has not been slow in turning these facts to account. That interest, which possesses an able and astute guardian in the person of the United States consul at Ottawa, himself a practical lumberman, is naturally opposed to any reduction in the American duty on Canadian lumber. The lumbermen of Washington territory and Oregon compete with British Columbia lumber in the Pacific markets. The spruce lumber of Maine comes into competition with the spruce lumber of New Brunswick and Quebec, and the white pine lumber of Michigan and Wisconsin with that of Ontario. Southern pine comes into competition even as far north as Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo and Albany, with many grades of Canadian lumber, and is constantly widening the area of its market. All these powerful interests on the other side of the line make common cause against the reduction of the lumber duties. And the export duty serves their purpose better than any economic argument they could devise. Last winter a formidable appeal to national prejudice can be based upon a mere statement of the case. The American lumbermen put the matter somewhat after this fashion: "The Canadians," they say, "impose a higher duty on sawn lumber imported from the United States than the United States imposes upon lumber imported from Canada. They import four times as many logs from the United States as the United States import from Canada. And besides we are taxed under our constitution from imposing an export duty, they do not refrain from doing so. Their government has sold limits to our citizens, and then increased the export duty three to 12, thereby practically confiscating our investments. We can only meet them by an increase in the duty upon lumber." On the strength of these representations petitions are being signed, asking Congress for an increase of the duty and for a further provision that the amount of export duty imposed by any foreign country on logs shall be added to the import duty on sawn lumber imported from such country into the United States. Many think the latter provision will be a feature of the next American tariff. Under present conditions it would make the American duty on Canadian lumber $5 per 1,000 feet. It is needless to say that such a step would compel the immediate abandonment of

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER X.

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

BY S. M. GRANNIS.

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?
'Twould be an assurance most dear,
To know that at this moment some loved one,
Were saying, I wish he were here;
To feel that the group at the fireside,
Were thinking of me as I roam,
O yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure
To know that they miss'd me at home,
To know that they miss'd me at home.

When twilight approaches, the season
That ever is sacred to song,
Does some one repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long?
And is there a chord in the music,
That's miss'd when my voice is away,
And a chord in each heart that awaketh
Regret at my wearisome stay,
Regret at my wearisome stay.

Do they set me a chair near the table,
When evening's home pleasures are nigh,
When candles are lit in the parlor,
And the stars in the calm nature sky?
And when the "good nights" are repeated,
And all lay down to their sleep,
Do they think of the absent, and waft me
A whispered "good night" while they weep?
A whispered "good night" while they weep?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me
At morning, at noon, or at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade round them
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is missed from the circle,
Because I am with them no more?
Because I am with them no more?

MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND.

BY STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Round de meadows am a-ringing
De darkey's mournful sound,
While de mocking bird am singing,
Happy as de day am long.
Where de ivy am a creeping,
O'er de grassy mound,
Dar old massa am a-sleeping,
Sleeping in the cold, cold ground.

CHORUS:—Down in de corn field,
Hear dat mournful sound,
All de darkeys am a-weeping,
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves were falling,
When de days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old massa's calling,
Cayse he was so weak and old.
How de orange trees am blooming,
On de sandy shore,
How de summer days am coming,
Massa nebber calls no more.

Massa make de darkeys love him,
Cayse he was so kind,
Now, dey sadly weep above him,
Mourning cayse he leave dem behind.
I cannot work hab no heart to-morrow,
Cayse de tear drop flow,
I try to drive away my sorrow,
Pickin' on de old banjo.

THE POLICE RECORDS.

WHAT THEY SHOW IN KANSAS,

Regarding the Effect of Prohibition—Reports From Sixty-one Kansas Towns to the Kansas City Globe.

Kansas City Globe.

The *Globe* recently sent a number of communications to the smaller Kansas towns, all of which were to the following effect:

Police Judge:—Would you kindly send us, at your earliest convenience, the bare statement of the number of convictions for drunkenness in your court during the past six months and year? If you do not happen to have these figures at hand, send the convictions for the length of time obtainable, and state the number of convictions, to the best of your recollection. If possible, also send statement of the total fines collected, either accurately or to the best of your recollection.

One hundred and twenty of these were mailed and within a week replies to 61 had been received. The object of the compilation was not to prove that drunkenness prevailed to an alarming extent in prohibition Kansas, but to let the facts, whatever they might be, speak for themselves. The 61 towns from which repires were received are scattered all over the state and have a combined population by the last census of 172,250. In these 61 places during the past year there were 679 cases of recorded drunkenness, or a per centage of .0039.

The answers sent the *Globe* are rather unique, but on the whole they embody the fact that prohibition is a success in the smaller towns of Kansas and that the police courts of the cities are practically idle throughout the year, where several years ago they were kept busy, not alone with cases of drunkenness, but with thousands of cases of misdemeanors, which were developed in saloons and among drinking people.

But a few words as to the letters themselves. They are exceedingly unique and embody some very odd comments. The Police Judge from Belle Plaine, for instance, states that during one year he has had but one case of drunkenness, and as a result of this the town was exceedingly peaceful, there having been only three other cases in his court, and these were for fighting.

The little town of Argonia, with its little lady mayor, sends the following laconic communication: "No cases of drunkenness in the last year and no fines collected."

The Ness City police judge explains that while there have been only four convictions for drunkenness, many of the cases of disorderly conduct should really have been docketed as drunks.

Police Judge Lobaugh, of Coldwater, sends the following entertaining communication: "I have had this important office for the past year and am still living. There has not been a single conviction for drunkenness since I have been judge thereof."

The police judge of Medicine Lodge sends the following communication: "In looking over my docket I find that we have not had a drunk in the last eight months. In September, 1888, we had the last, and we have had only four drunks in our city since November, 1887. The fines in all amount to $12.50. So you see that prohibition pays in Medicine Lodge."

P. S. Carter, of Kinsley, says: "Not a drunk in the past year."

W. C. Hinkle, police judge of Halstead, writes: "I have been police judge for the past two years, and during that time there has been but one case of drunkenness brought before me and a fine of $2 was assessed and collected, and during my entire term as police judge, I have had but six different cases for all causes."

Perhaps the most unique letter was received from Hartland, Kan. It is from Police Judge Dillon and reads:

"Drunkenness is not considered an offense out here, unless it is accompanied with the six-shooter; then the party is arrested and a jury of Kansas prohibitionists set him free. Such is life in our prohibition state. Not one arrest has been made for drunkenness in this city during the past year. Everyone is free to do as he pleases out west, if you only keep your gun in your hip pocket."

Police Judge Meacham, of Leon, Kan., writes: "We have prohibition here. There have been no cases of drunkenness in our city during the past year."

The Police judge of St. John sent the very meaningful word: "None."

Police Judge Wm. C Shaw, of Mound City, writes: "After examining the records of my office I find that there have been no convictions for the offense of drunkenness had in this court for two years, and perhaps much longer, as I have only looked up the records of the office for the period of two years for such offenses."

Police Judge McConnell, of Burlington, writes: "There have not been any arrests nor convictions in this city for the past six months. We used to have a good many cases every week but since the prohibitory law has become popular there is not any drunkenness to speak of. It has been more than a year since a complaint has been filed against any one for being intoxicated. The office of Police Judge used to pay pretty well, but the fees are almost nothing now. Nearly all the business was based on drunkenness and that is now eliminated."

Police Judge James Frey, of Enterprise, had this to say: "I will state with great pleasure that there have been no convictions for drunkenness in our city during the past eighteen months. Presuming that you gather the desired statements for publication, I would like to request of you to have my report appear in your paper as well as others."

Police Judge William Richards, of Russell, has a high opinion of his little city: "There have been no convictions for drunkenness within one year. I think that we have the most moral city in the state of Kansas. The population is about 1,100."

The report from Junction City is not of quite so roseate a hue: "During the last year," says Police Judge Caman, "there were 79 arrests for drunkenness and $92 collected in fines. I would further state that the per cent of arrests is very small to the number that were drunk and should have been arrested."

From Iola, Police Judge D. B. D. Smeltzer writes: "I have been police judge of this city over one year and my docket shows no convictions or fines for drunkenness. In fact, I have never had anyone brought into my court on such charges. We have no joints in our city, and it is a very unusual thing to see a man staggar in Iola."

Police Judge H. H. Howard, of Lawrence, Kas., has this to say: "I find by the records of the police court of this city that for the six months ending October 31, 1888, there were 53 cases of intoxication, and for the six months ending April 30, 1889, there were 21 cases, being 7¼ cases for the year."

Oskaloosa, Kas., has this report to make: "There have been no prosecutions for drunkenness or for selling whisky for over three years. The total amount of fines in the last year was $3 for assault and battery."

The police judge of Cimarron writes: "There has not been a single case of arrest or fine in the last year. There are no saloons; no druggists sell liquors for drink; no drunkenness nor criminal conduct in our city."

Police Judge John E. Hill, of Oswego, writes: "I have been police judge of this city for over four years last past. The number of prosecutions for drunkenness each year has not exceeded ten, and the fines collected yearly for that misdemeanor only $50. Before prohibition went into operation my docket shows over 100 convictions annually for drunkenness alone, and fines $500. How is that for a city of over 3,000 population?"

The records of all the other towns from which reports were received merely give figures, and are included in the subjoined table:

The Record of Drunkenness in Kansas

	Pop.	Cases from April 1, '88 to Apr 1, '89
Williamsburg	850	3
Hiawatha	2,500	17
Virgil	400	None
Girard	2,500	2
Oswego	4,000	10
Salina	9,000	35
Saratoga	600	None
Caldwell	3,000	5
Richfield	1,000	1
Independence	5,500	6
Larned	4,000	10
South Haven	350	3
Mankato	1,200	12
Beloit	3,600	37
Douglas	1,500	None
Meade Center	1,200	1
Belle Plaine	1,000	1
Great Bend	4,300	22
Osage Mission	2,000	None
Howard	1,500	1
Chanute	4,000	8
Cimarron	1,200	None
Hobron	2,500	20
Kirwin	1,300	3
Oskaloosa	2,000	None
Lyndon	1,000	None
Washington	2,500	5
Cedar Vale	900	1
Manhattan	3,500	22
Lawrence	18,000	74
Garnett	2,500	12
Osage	4,500	35
Burlingame	1,800	11
Iola	1,650	None
Raya City	1,700	9
El Dorado	6,000	33
Junction City	4,700	29
Russell	1,700	None
Enterprise	1,000	None
Concordia	5,100	12
Pleasanton	1,700	7
Eureka	3,000	1
Burlington	3,000	None
Mound City	1,500	None
Cherokee	2,000	3
St. John	1,500	None
Leon	1,200	None
Lincoln	2,000	5
Hartland	1,000	None
Lyons	3,000	6
Fort Scott	15,000	126
Halstead	1,500	1
Kinsley	2,000	None
Leroy	900	6
Medicine Lodge	1,500	4
Coldwater	1,000	None
Woodbine	2,100	13
Winfield	9,000	57
Argonia	600	None
Ness City	3,000	3
Total	172,250	679

AT THE SIGN OF THE BLIND CUPID.

blushing cheeks and
downcast eyes
Set all the hearts
aflame,
When love within a dimple lies
And constancy's a name,
Since every lass is passing fair,
Cupid must fly and
woo;
And, lightly flitting here
and there,
A winged boy is he.

When creeping years steal on space
And youth and vigor go,
When time with wrinkles marks the face,
And strews the hair with snow,
Ah, then no winged boy is he;
But strong limbed and complete,
With blinded eyes that need not see,
Since memory guides his feet.
—*Walter Learned in Century.*

Alleged Humorists.

Now wheat never rulned as many men as old rye.—*Troy Press.*

A wild Chicago paper alleges that Philadelphia is so dead her inhabitants are forced to take out exhumation permits when they want to move on May day.

A man calls his dog Coal, because the first day he had him he bitumen.—*Worcester Gazette.*

It's about time now to turn the hoes on the cornfield.—*Washington Critic.*

A log jam is the latest in the lumber preserves of Minnesota.—*Hutchinson News.*

Adam and Eve's family tree was the appie.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

"A rise of breadstuffs in the West is looked for." Better look to the yeast, as usual.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The watchmaker knows as much about spring cleaning as his wife does.—*Oregon Statesman.*

"Excellent business men those," said the New Yorker, as he looked down on the Albany Assembly; "wholesale jobbers almost to a man, aren't they?"

"His-s-s!" hissed the boa constrictor.

"There's another Hayseed come in to insult a den of respectable serpents by calling me a snake. Wish I could get a coil around him just to teach him once what a serpent is."

Does the young prohibitionist father violate his faith when he makes a wry face over rocking the cradle? He indulges in rock and wry.—*Binghamton Republican.*

The wool grower and the editor know the value of good clipping.—*Washington Critic.*

Shoemakers may not know it, but for a line of slippers it's hard to beat banana skins.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

Light housekeeping frequently follows a matrimonial match.—*Oregon Statesman.*

English as She Was Wrote by Forrest.

National Tribune.

The following is a verbatim copy of Gen. N. B. Forrest's announcement of the fall of Fort Pillow:

We busted the fort at niner clock and scattered the niggers. The men is still a cillenem in the woods.

Gen. Forrest's indorsement on Col. —— application for leave of absence.

This aplereashun has been twist refused before. Goddammit No.

N. B. FORREST, Gen. Com.

Accounting for prisoners:

Them as was cotch with spoons and breastpins and sich, was cilled, and the rest of the lot was payrolled and told to git.

Gen. Forrest's idea of successful war:

Git thar fust with most men and then git the bulge. A good gineral with the right sort of men otter win the fite every time on this condishun.

The originals of the first two are still in existence and are vouched for by a former member of his staff.—N. D. PRESTON, 346 Stuyvesant avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Fruitless Appeal.

Prodigal son (feelingly)—"Father, I'm in hard luck again. Debts of honor, you know. The boys are down on me and I come to you for—for—a—a—succor."

Obdurate father (freezingly)—"Waste no words, young man. I've nothing but advice to give you. Go to those dear 'boys' and, in the delightful vernacular with which you are familiar, inform them that the old man cannot be worked for a sucker."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

Couldn't Kill the Profit.

Drug Clerk—I filled a prescription for a stranger last night for $1 10, and this morning I find the dollar is a counterfeit.

Proprietor — That's highway robbery again. Well, never mind, if the ten cent piece is good, we still make four cents on the sale.—*American Analyst.*

A Closed Book.

While clearing an old swamp last week Mr. Martin Fiush, living near pleasant Valley, discovered quite a curiosity. Several feet beneath the leaves and muck he unearthed what appeared to be a stone book. Close inspection showed it to be a family Bible, bearing the date 1773 plainly lettered. It is now solid limestone. Those who have examined the book state that it was originally a real book, and is now petrified.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

ABOUT JOHNSTOWN.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LOST CITY.

On a Narrow Beach at the Junction of Two Streams, Shut in by Mountains On All Sides.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., June 4.—Johnstown is in the southwest part of Cambria county, at the forks where Stone creek and Conemaugh creek form the Conemaugh river. It is on the Pennsylvania railroad, 39 miles southwest of Altoona and 78 miles east of Pittsburg. The people of the town were the employes of the Cambria Iron and Steel company, their families and small storekeepers. Three-fourths of the 28,000 people lived in small frame tenement houses on the flats by the river around the works of the Cambria company. The Cambria company owns almost all the land, and the business and professional men and the superintendents of the company live on the hills up from the creeks. The creeks become the Conemaugh river right at the end of the town, near where the big stone Pennsylvania railroad bridge crosses the river.

The borough of Johnstown was on the south bank of Conemaugh creek and on the east bank of Stony creek right in the fork. It had only about a third of the population of the place. It had never been incorporated with the surrounding villages, as the Cambria Company, which owned most of the villages and only part of Johnstown, did not wish to have them consolidated into one city. These villages lay in a string along Conemaugh creek, which flows from the reservoir, or Conemaugh lake.

The first of the villages which the flood struck was ten miles above Johnstown borough and on the flats made by the junction of a small creek with Conemaugh creek. This village was occupied entirely by workingmen who lived on the flats in tenements. It was known as South Fork. It had a population of about 1,400. Three miles below South Fork was Mineral Point, a cluster of workingmen's houses, about half that size. Neither of these towns was part of Johnstown.

Conemaugh was the largest village on the creek between the reservoir and Johnstown. It is often spoken of as part of Johnstown, though its railroad station is two or three miles up the creek from the Johnstown station. The streets of the two towns run into each other, and the space between the two stations is well built up along the creek. Part of the Cambria Iron & Steel company's works are at Conemaugh, and five or six thousand of the workingmen and their families lived there. The business was done in Johnstown borough, where almost all the stores of Johnstown city were.

The works of the Cambria company were strung along from here down into Johnstown proper. They were slightly isolated to prevent a fire in one spreading to the others, and because there was not much flat land to build on. The Pennsylvania road runs along the river, and the works were built beside it.

Between Conemaugh and Johnstown borough was a string of tenements along the river which was called Woovale. Possibly 3,000 workmen lived in them. They were slightly built of wood, many of them without cellars or stone foundations. There were some substantially built houses in the borough at the fork. Here the flats widen out somewhat, and they had been still further increased in extent by the Cambria company, which filled up part of the creek beds with refuse and the ashes from their works. This narrowed the beds of the creeks. The made land was not far above the water in ordinary times. Even during the ordinary spring floods the waters rose so high that it flowed into the cellars of the tenements, and at times into the works. The reservoir, the breaking of which caused the flood, has served somewhat to equalize the depth of the main creek by holding the water back. The natural land occupied the business part of the town, where the stores were and the storekeepers had their residences. The borough had a population of about 9,000. On the north bank of the river were a third as many people more living in tenements built and owned by the Cambria company. Further down, below the junction of the two creeks, along both banks of the Conemaugh river, were about 4,000 employes of the Cambria company and their families. The place where they lived was called Cambria or Cambria City. All these villages and boroughs made up what is known as the city of Johnstown.

The Cambria company employed about 4,000 men in its works and mines. Besides these were some railroad shops, planing mills, several banks and newspapers. Only the men employed by the Cambria company and their families lived on the flats and made ground. The Cambria company owned all this land, and made it a rule not to sell it, but to lease it. The company put rows of two-story frame tenements close together on their land close to the works, the object of tenements in solid blocks to cheapen their construction. The better tenements were separate buildings, with two families to the house. The tenements rented for from $5 to $15 a month, and cost possibly, on the average, $500 to build. They were all of wood, many of them without cellars, and were built as cheaply as possible. The timbers were mostly pine, light and inflammable. It was not an uncommon thing for a fire to break out, and to burn one or two rows of tenements. But the different rows were not closely bunched, but were sprinkled around in patches near the separate works, and it was cheaper for the company to rebuild occasionally than to put up brick houses.

Besides owning the flats, the Cambria company owned the surrounding hills. In one of the hills is limestone, in another coal, and there is iron ore not far away. The company has narrow gauge roads running from its mines down to the works. The city was at the foot of these three hills, which meet in a double V shape, Conemaugh creek flowing down one and Stony creek flowing down the other. The hills are not so far distant that a man with a rifle on any one could not shoot to either of the others. They are several hundred feet high and so steep that roads run up them by a series of zig zag grades. Few people live on these hills except on a small rise of ground across the river from Johnstown. In some places the company has leased the land for dwelling houses, but it retains the ownership of the land and of the coal, iron and limestone in it. The flats having all been occupied, the company in recent years has put up some tenements of a better class on the north bank of the river higher up than the flood reached. The business part of the town also was higher up than the works and the tenements of the company.

In normal times the river is but a few hundred feet wide. The bottom is stony. The current is so fast that there is little deposit along the bank. It is navigable at no time, though in the spring good canoeist might go down if he could steer clear of the rocks. In the summer the volume of water diminishes so much that a boy with a pair of rubber boots on can wade across without getting his feet wet, and there have been times when a good jumper could cross the river on the dry stones. Below Johnstown, after Stony Creek has joined the Conemaugh Creek, the volume of water increases, but the Conemaugh throughout its whole length is nothing but a mountain stream, dry in the summer and roaring in the spring. It runs down into the Kiskiminitas river and into the Allegheny river, and then on to Pittsburg. It is over 100 miles from Johnstown to Pittsburg following the windings of the river, twice as far as the straight line.

Johnstown was one of the busiest towns of its size in the state. Its tonnage over the Pennsylvania and Baltimore & Ohio roads was larger than the tonnage of many cities three times its size. The iron and Steel company is one of the largest iron and steel corporations in the world. It had its main rolling mills, Bessemer steel works, and wire works at Johnstown, though it also has works in other places, and owns ore and coal mines and leases in the South, in Michigan, and in Spain, besides its Pennsylvania works. It had in Johnstown and the surrounding villages 4,000 or 5,000 men usually at work. In flush times it has employed more than 6,000. So important was the town from a railroad point of view that the Baltimore & Ohio ran a branch from Rockwood, on its main line, to Pittsburg to Johnstown, 45 miles. It was one of the main stations on the Pennsylvania road though the passenger business was so small in proportion that some express trains do not stop there. The Pennsylvania road recently put up a large brick station, which was one of the few brick buildings on the flats. Some of the Cambria company's officers were also of brick, and there was a brick lodging house for young men in the employ of the company. The Pennsylvania road had repair shops there, which employed a few hundred men, and the Baltimore & Ohio branch had some smaller shops.

The reservoir that broke [illegible] was part of the old Pennsylvania canal system. At the head of the Conemaugh creek back in the mountains from Johnstown, and about 300 feet higher than the Johnstown flats, was a small natural lake. When the canal was building, the engineers took this lake to supply the western division of the canal which ran from there to Pittsburg. The eastern division ended at Hollidaysburgh east of the summit of the Alleghanies, where there was a similar reservoir. Between the two was the old Portage road, one of the first railroads constructed in the state. The canal was abandoned some years ago, as the Pennsylvania road destroyed its traffic. The Pennsylvania company got a grant of the canal from the state. Some years after the canal was abandoned the Hollidaysburgh reservoir was torn down. The water gradually escaped into the Frankstown branch of the Juniata river. The people of the neighborhood objected to the existence of the reservoir after the canal was abandoned, as little attention was paid to the reservoir, and the farmers in the valley below feared that the dam would break and drown them. The water was all let out of that reservoir about three years ago.

The dam above Johnstown greatly increased the small natural lake there. It was a pleasant drive from Johnstown to the reservoir. Boating and fishing parties often went out there. Near the reservoir is Cresson, a summer resort owned by the Pennsylvania road. Excursion parties are made up in the summer time by the Pennsylvania company, and special trains are run for them from New York to Cresson. A club called the South Fork Fishing and Hunting club was organized some years ago, and got the use of the lake from the Pennsylvania company. Most of the members of the club live in Pittsburg, and are prominent iron and coal men. Besides them there are some of the officials of the Pennsylvania road among the members. They increased the size of the dam until it was over 100 feet high and 90 feet thick at the base. It was about 20 feet thick at the top, and about a fifth of a mile long. This increased the size of the lake to three miles in length and a mile and a quarter in width. It was an irregular oval in shape. The volume of water in it depended on the time of the year. When the dam broke the lake was very full on account of the recent rains.

Johnstown occupied the site of an old Indian town called Kickenopawling. About the year 1791 an enterprising German, Joseph Johns (he spelled it Yahns) settled there, and the original title deeds of many of the town lots are in his name. As this was the head of navigation to those seeking western waters, it speedily became a place of shipment for the iron of Huntingdon county, and for the lumber and produce of the vicinity, as well as the emigration destined for the west. Arks and flat boats were then the only modes of conveyance. The place at that time was called Conemaugh. With the march of progress the Allegheny & Portage railway was constructed between Johnstown and Hollidaysburg, a distance of 39½ miles. It crosses the summit at Blair's Gap and descends along the mountain branch of the Conemaugh. The highest point of the road is 2,700 feet above the Delaware river at Philadelphia.

The Cambria iron works, the great industry of Johnstown, originated in a few widely separated charcoal furnaces, built by pioneer iron workers in the early years of the century. As early as 1803 Gen. Arthur St. Clair engaged in the iron business, and erected the Hermitage furnace, about sixteen miles from the present site of Johnstown. In 1809 the working of ores was begun near Johnstown. These were primitive furnaces, where charcoal was the only fuel employed, and the raw material and product were transported entirely on wagons, but they marked the beginning of the manufacture of iron in this country.

Watch these columns 2 or 3 weeks for a Voice from California.

PORTRAIT OF ELMORE. From a Photograph.

A VOICE from Maine. "I take an order for your album at almost every house I visit. My profit is often as much as $20 for a single day's work." Willard J. Emmons, Bangor, Maine.

On account of a forced manufacture's sale **125,000 ten dollar Photograph Albums** are to be sold to the people for $2 each. Bound in Royal Crimson Silk Velvet Plush. Charmingly decorated insides. Handsomest albums in the world. Largest size. Greatest bargains ever known. Agents wanted. Liberal terms. Big money for agents. Any one can become a successful agent. Sells itself on sight—little or no talking necessary. Wherever shown, every one wants to purchase. Agents take hundreds and thousands of orders with rapidity never before known. Great profits await every worker. Agents are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men. You, reader, can do as well as any one. Full information and terms free, together with particulars and terms for our Family Bibles, Books and Periodicals. Better write us at once and see for yourself. After you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done. Address, E. C. ALLEN & CO., Augusta, Maine.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Nor At Any Other Time.
Troy Times.

Because an old building at Charlotte, N. C., which once served Lord Cornwallis as a headquarters, was recently burned by an incendiary, a Vicksburg paper says that "the torch of vandalism will next be applied to buildings made historic by having once sheltered that later-day hero, Jefferson Davis." When was Davis a "revolutionary hero," or a hero at all, for that matter? Certainly not when he "skedaddled" in female guise.

Two Reasons Why Honesty is Best.
Christian Intelligencer.

A prudent Iowa farmer who believed in having two strings to his bow put up in his garden this sign:

BOYS, DON'T TOUCH THESE MELONS, FOR THEY ARE GREEN AND GOD SEES YOU.

Is the Coat Sleeve Superseded?
Philadelphia Inquirer.

Girls with slender waists have taken to wearing dog collars in the place of belts. Vanity, of course, is at the back of the fad, but it is a go, nevertheless. The collars vary in appearance, but most of them are of the mastiff size, and nearly all of them can be let out. In a walk down Chestnut street yesterday afternoon five young ladies with this highly original kind of belt on were counted. Three of them looked as if they wanted to sit down and take a fresh breath, but the other two, who were more slender, were as easy and chipper as you please.

Our Heroes Deserve Encouragement.
Des Moines Register.

The government ought to treat very kindly the brave fellows who survived that terrible experience of war. And it ought to provide generously for the families of the brave fellows who never came out of the storm. It will encourage heroism and gallantry if men can feel that a nation is not unappreciative or unmindful of brave and gallant services.

An Unhappy Remembrance.
Minneapolis Journal.

Ex-President Cleveland, in a speech favoring the erection of a memorial arch in New York City, said, "Let us forget sordid things." Was Mr. Cleveland trying to banish recollections of that $10,000 check?

Apropos of the Cronin Case.
Cleveland Leader.

The best thing Irishmen can do when they come to this country is to devote all of their spare time in trying to become Americans and to sustaining American institutions. The sooner they learn to steer clear of all foreign secret societies, and to devote their time and money to securing their own comfort and the education of their children the better it will be for them. If they are going to become American citizens let them give their attention to their public duties here. This is no place to run revolutionary societies against other nations.

It Will Redeem Connecticut.
Buffalo Commercial.

Ballot reform triumphs in Connecticut. The legislature has passed the secret ballot bill. It provides for the adoption of the Australian system, with one apartment for every 100 voters, the ballots to be furnished by the state. A Republican governor is not likely to veto the measure. The Democrats opposed it, of course. A fair vote and an honest count will bring the state back to the Republican line.

Want What They Would Not Use.
Indianapolis Journal.

There is a sudden demand on the part of the Democratic press for one-cent postage. Why, no man knows. The decrease would not benefit a party made of people who do not write letters.

Something New in Kissing.
Kearney County (Neb.) Democrat.

Onion parties are fashionable in Nebraska. Six girls stand in a row, while one bites a small chunk out of an old onion, and a young man pays 10 cents for a guess as to which one it was. If he guesses right, he gets to kiss the other five, but if he doesn't he is only allowed to kiss the one with the onion-scented breath. This amusement is said to be highly popular with Nebraska young folks.

Quick to Act.

Smith—I've just taken some of Dr. Quack's medicine; thought I'd try a new doctor. Do you know much about him? Jones—Yes, a little. A friend of mine took some of his medicine once.

"Did, eh? Was it quick to act?"

"Oh, yes; there was crape on the door next morning."—*N. Y. Sun.*

DANCING IN PARIS STREETS.

The Grand Illumination of the Exposition Grounds in Paris—Midnight Scenes in the Streets.

Science has its miracles as well as Faith and the Eiffel Tower is one of them. To see it last night, when red flames were burning about it, and the great electric lights atop were sending broad waves of white radiance across the darkness, was to see something supernatural. Was it the work of demons or of angels? Was there not some defiance of the powers that rule above in this invasion of their domain? Mountains may climb toward the skies and giant precipices lift their frowning brows toward heaven, but how does man dare with the work of his hands to follow so closely on the wonders of the Creator. One feels a thrill of mystery—almost of awe. In spite of the exquisite loveliness of the Venetian fete upon the river, one's eyes turned ever toward this silent, unapproachable, solitary thing lifted out of companionship with mere earthliness.

Yet the fete itself was almost inconceivable for beauty. Every esplanade along the river front was resplendent with stars and shields, with pyramids and suns of flaming jewels; the bridges were long ropes of pearls, strung in fourfold strands and looped with great clasps of amethyst and ruby to the flag-crowned standards; under the brilliant arches fairy shallops, all ablaze from stem to stern, with countless globes of colored lanterns, flashed out of the darkness and faded into it again like flying prisms of rainbows; the trees on the Champs Elysees hung full of quivering balls of light like the golden apples of the gardens of the Hesperides; and every massive building in the service of the state was outlined in fire against the deep blackness of the sky. Strains of music were everywhere in the air. The horizon was tremulous with sheafs of rockets; bursting bombs, rain of crimson, hail of silver. There was splashing of fallen water in the great fountains, touched into sprays of diamonds as they descended into the light, and shouting human voices, and the deep roar of the passing of mighty multitudes for accompaniment. Nothing like it for effect can ever be imagined. It was a vision of enchantment.

Then began the dancing in the streets. After 7 o'clock no carriages were allowed in any of the principal thoroughfares. At the junction of the great avenues with the side streets four posts were erected, on which small platforms were fastened 10 feet from the ground, with seats for musicians and plentiful garniture of Chinese lanterns. Here, immediately, fiddles and flutes, with one rampant cornet as leader, took their places and the fun began. By midnight it was fast and furious. From under the balcony of our hotel a crowd of quite a thousand persons, men, women and children, were packed thickly. The music struck up with a jubilant swing, and the next instant the whole compact mass broke into an infernal orgy of dancing, which increased with every whirl in intensity until it rivalled the wildest can-can of the Jardin Mabille.

In the middle always the most furious motion; then in rings of somewhat more decorous waltzers; finally the little children, hand in hand, swinging like dervishes in long rings or twirling like teetotums on one spot. All singing or shrieking in unison with the shrill measures of the dance; all filled with a sort of brutal energy which seemed to put weariness out of the question, they surged hither and thither, flinging themselves breathless on the cold street pavement when the music ceased, only to rush into the same delirium of hops and springs, glides and dashes, as before. There were no spectators save those in the windows; every one else was in the swing and ardor of excitement. The only intermission was when the men took their partners into the corner restaurant for a glass of wine or a goblet of orange water. Until 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning this was kept up, and to-day the sidewalks are sprinkled with men in blouses lying asleep in sheltered spots, wholly overcome by fatigue and partial intoxication. The women vanished like night birds the moment the "ball" was over.—*Mary E. Blake in Providence Journal.*

WANAMAKER SHOCKED.

He Lectures a Texan on the Evil of Profanity.

One of the Texas statesmen now in Washington has had an interview with the Postmaster General, some of the features of which were extraordinary.

It appears that the Texan wanted a change in one of the Presidential postoffices of his state, and was endeavoring to secure Mr. Wanamaker's recommendation to that effect. The term had not expired, however, and the Postmaster General declined to make the change.

The Texan showed that the present incumbent of the postoffice in question was an offensive partisan of the worst character, and that Democratic as well as Republican patrons joined in the request for an immediate change. Mr. Wanamaker was absolute in his refusal, and finally explained that a clerical friend of his had requested the continuance of the present postmaster in office until the end of the term. The Texan grew furious at this interference of the clergy, and expostulated, but all to no purpose.

"I can do nothing now," said Mr. Wanamaker, "for I have assured the Rev. Mr. —— that no change will be made."

"But, my God, Mr. Wanamaker," exclaimed the Lone Star statesman with petulance, "what has this pulpit-pounder got to do with it?"

Postmaster General Wanamaker was shocked. It was evident that he was painfully shocked. After fully recovering his breath he said, in the mildest possible manner: "My dear sir, you must not swear; it is wrong, it is wicked, it is ungentlemanly. You must not swear in my presence."

The Texan wilted, and in apologetic profusion he said: "I beg your pardon, Mr. Wanamaker, but that was not profanity; I tried not to swear; I merely—"

"Oh, yes, you did," interrupted the postmaster general; "you said, 'My God,' and that's taking the name of our Lord in vain. You know the Good Book tells us that it is wicked to use the name of the Lord in any spirit but that of reverence and devotion," and then Mr. Wanamaker entered into a long and earnest lecture on the subject of profanity in general and the Texan's offense in particular.

When Mr. Wanamaker had finished, the Texas statesman, in solemn silence, took his hat and walked out. The lecture was lost upon him, however, for when he found himself in the hall outside he broke loose. He said many things of a sulphurous character that would have deeply grieved Mr. Wanamaker had he been there to hear. For about five minutes the names of all the deity, biblical, classical, mythological or otherwise, were taken in vain; and then the representative of the state of Texas, feeling somewhat better, walked out into the street and the sunshine.

Wages in Free-Trade England.

Here is one story of a man in Poplar hospital that gives an idea of a docker's life: "He had obtained three days' work at the docks during the course of the last three months. His wife earns a shilling a day, and on this small sum the family has had to live. When at last this man got work at the docks, he had to move some barrels of apples, but he was so weak that a barrel rolled over him. He was brought to the hospital in a very emaciated condition.

One reason for the scandalously low wages paid to these luckless men is the subcontracting that goes on. Here are some figures that I obtained on one occasion, when I had been addressing the dockers waiting outside the gates: Messrs. Z. want 900 tons unloaded, and they pay five and a half pence a ton to a contractor; he engages 48 men at sixpence an hour to work eight hours each, at the end of which time the ship is unloaded; the contractor is paid £20 12s 6d for unloading; pays £9 6s for labor, pocketing £11 6s 6d on the job. The contractors grow rich pretty fast! Often the first contractor lets to a sub-contractor, and even he occasionally underlets, and so the wages are squeezed down."—*London corres. Boston Transcript.*

The Champion Runner.

A slab-sided, mud-covered granger entered a Broadway clock store about dusk the other evening, and, with a bewildered look, asked:

"Mister, is this where a man kin git a clock?"

"Yes, sir," said the clerk.

"Wall," said the granger, "what be that ticker worth?" pointing to an ornate and intricate piece of time-recording mechanism on the shelf.

"That, sir," said the clerk, "is a wonderful time piece. It is worth $200, and will run three years without winding."

"Great Scott!" gasped the granger. "Three years without winding. Say, mister, how long would the blamed thing run if she was wound up?"—*Jeweler's Catalogue.*

ALL SORTS OF SHORT STORIES.

After Southern Californians have scooped out the insides of some of their Chili squashes they successfully use the rind as row boats.

The knocking out of liquor saloons having had such a depressing effect upon the sale of cheese, an interesting question as to what is the connection between the two has been raised in the west, some persons arguing that spirits create a taste for cheese, while others maintain that cheese creates a thirst for liquor.

In a charity fair recently held at Vienna in the Princess d'Aremberg's palace, an English millionaire paid 10,000 florins for the pleasure of kissing one cheek of the princess.

Baron Liebig, the German chemist, says that "as much flour as can lie on the point of a table knife contains as much nutritive constituents as eight quarts of the best and most nutritious beer that is made."

The London *Spectator* says of the United States: "Her people are becoming the greatest nation in the world. It is probable that nothing short of actual violence would now induce any nation to attack her, while she could, if she pleased, almost ruin the commerce of any nation on the globe." It predicts that there are children who may live to see the republic with a population of 200,000,000.

Armory Brown, of Taylor county, Georgia has a hen egg that seems to be magnetized. It will not lie on the side or on the large end, but when it is put down it immediately turns up on the small end. It makes no difference in what position it is placed, it will turn until it stands on the small end.

Sim Coy, who was recently pardoned from the Indiana state penitentiary, where he was serving a term for illegal voting, has modestly declined to permit his friends to receive him in Indianapolis with speeches and a brass band.

An organization on a big scale has just been started in Sweden for the collection of cigar ends. The Queen is president, and young ladies and gentlemen throughout the country are members. Fathers and brothers and sweethearts are to be prayed not to throw away cigar butts. The money to be got from the product will nourish and educate 500 children.

The dog tax of France gives the state an annual revenue of about $1,500,000.

About 100,000,000 feet of spruce, 600 men and 100 horses are credited to the Connecticut river lumber drive this year.

The Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) horse railroad company has just disposed of a horse that has traveled 54,000 miles on the road in that city, having been in the service of the company ten years. During all that time it has been sick but four days. The animal was still in good condition.

Four negroes to one white is the proportion of deaths from consumption in Georgia.

Thirty divorces were granted in one day during the recent session of the supreme court at Manchester, N. H.

The Bangor (Me.) *Commercial* relates this incident: "A few days ago an Oldtown squaw went into an Oldtown dry goods store, where she purchased a cheap dress pattern, together with needles, thread and a thimble. After the purchase she asked to be allowed to go into a rear room to 'sew sometin little,' as she expressed it, but the room being occupied she was told to pass up the stairs and into a vacant room. After a while the salesw

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

A BRILLIANT WOMAN.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Who is Famous as Poet and Orator.

IF the agitation of the woman question, the claim for equal consideration with men in all that pertains to the vital interests of life here, had made no other change than the single one of lengthening the period of action and usefulness for women, a great good would have been accomplished. The first gray hair and crow's foot are no longer the signals for their relegation into retirement. It is not now considered necessary that middle life should consign

them to oblivion, so far as influence outside of the family is concerned. No woman need don the insignia of an age which she does not look, simply because she has numbered the years which custom has set as the limit of her youth and powers. The cap, spectacles, snuff-box and arm chair may be put as far into the future as her activity of mind and body allows, and no one questions or cavils about the matter.

As I have said before, this growing old is largely under individual control so far as the signs of failing mental and bodily health are concerned, and far more now for woman that public opinion permits her to be vigorous in thought and action even when her hair is white with the frosts of many winters When, as in times past, there was nothing more to be done after the children had passed out from the home-roof away from the mother's care, but to sit down and watch the world move on without her, it was not strange that life grew tame and common-place and decay began when there was no outlet for unexpended energy.

A SHINING EXAMPLE.

These thoughts have been borne in upon me with more force than usual during the last few days by reading the accounts of the celebration of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's seventieth birthday. The woman who wrote the most wonderful and impassioned poem of the war, a poem which has thrilled the heart of every lover of his country, going to its innermost depths with its clarion notes, could not fail, had she done nothing else, to challenge the interest of her country people always. But through her whole life to the glorious maturity which it has just reached, she has been doing splendid work—work that tells by its influence upon the great questions of the day. It is well to know of the lives of such women who represent the best thought and action of the time, for no matter how different their circumstances and surroundings from our own, they stand to us eloquent exemplars of the possibilities which lie before all earnest workers.

Julia Ward was New York born and bred. Unlike many others who have come prominently before the public, she was a child of wealth and received every advantage in education and early training that that wealth could give. Her mother was a very beautiful woman who passed on when Julia was but five years old, but whose portrait graces Mrs. Howe's Boston home to-day. Mr. Howe never remarried, but a sister of his wife's came to take charge of his house and the motherless children. He was a man who, himself, exerted the strongest influence over those with whom he came in contact, of stately presence, and a character whose integrity was never sullied.

MRS. HOWE'S CHILDHOOD.

As a child Julia showed unmistakable evidences of an exceptionally brilliant mind. Her daughter says that "she had nothing of the prodigy about her. The father saw at an early day that hers was a mind of uncommon quality and ability, but its growth and development, though precocious were not abnormal in character." He adapted her training, with rare judgment, to her needs and capacities. She had a wonderful facility in acquiring languages, and her gains in this direction have proved the source of great pleasure nd profit during her life. "Music was to her an enthusiasm," and she was urged to devote herself to its composition. It has seemed to me when reading of her that she possessed one of those inspirational natures that are easily set aglow and then go on in the light which never dies away. Not that she did not posses the genius for hard work, but it was supplementary to the quick, keen intuitions that are knowledge in themselves.

The influences of her early life were always such as to promote progress. Just as she reached womanhood her elder brother returned from Germany where he had been studying and traveling. His presence aroused her thought to a new vitality, and greater efforts of acquirement. And so she entered society, rich in varied accomplishments, with a mind of rare strength and versatility, enthusiastic in thought, and ready to imbibe all that came in her way.

HER LIFETIME FRIENDS.

When she had just passed into her twenties, the dearly loved father passed beyond her vision. Shortly after, she went to Boston, where she met with those rare and radiant spirits who were destined to have such a shaping power in her future as friends and fellow workers. Emerson, Margaret Fuller, James Freeman Clarke and others of that glorious galaxy became her familiar companions. It was here, too, that she first saw the man whose earnestness and sincerity of thought, combined with a magnetic charm of manners, impressed all who came within its reach, and her heart soon passed out of her keeping.

A little later, and they were married. Then came a season of travel in the old world whose treasures of art and historic associations appealed so strongly to her rich, fervid nature. Rome filled her with absolute delight. She named it "The City of My Love," and sweet indeed was the song in which she sung its praises:

"She sits among the eternal hills,
Their crown thrice glorious and dear,
Her voice is as a thousand tongues
Of silver fountains gurgling clear."
* * * * * * *
"Awe strikes the traveller when he sees
The vision of her distant dome,
And a strange spasm wrings his heart
As the guide whispers, 'There is Rome.'"

In Rome was born her first child, who was named in remembrance of the placo of her birth, Julia Romana.

Returning to Boston, Dr. and Mrs. Howe went to live in the Institution of the Blind of which the former was, until his death, a director.

It was not until 1854 that Mrs. Howe found time from her varied duties to take up literary work. Then she published a book of poems entitled "Passion Flowers" which at once attracted public attention. It obtained the recognition of the most brilliant among the literary lights of Boston. Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, Holmes, all extended the right hand of fellowship to her, who had shown that she possessed the true soul of poesy, that she too had been caught into that mystic realm where the gods sing their rapturous songs of delight.

With her husband she became strongly identified with the anti-slavery movement. They edited the Boston *Commonwealth*, the leading paper of the times. In the first year of the war, while on a visit to Washington, she wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." How the words thrill one to the heart!

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on."

Somewhere about 1870 Mrs. Howe became convinced suffrage was of paramount importance to the advancement of women, and with characteristic fervor she threw herself into the work. And it was in this connection that her larger developments as a public speaker has been made.

Mrs. Howe has always been prominent in every undertaking to promote the higher interests of her sex. She was one of the originators of the Association for the Advancement of Women, of which she is the President; she was also one of the original founders of the New England Woman's club, over which she also presides; and she founded the Young Ladies' Saturday Morning club, of Boston.

Several books from her pen have found widespread acceptance, for her literary acquirements added to a natural facility of expression give her unusual qualifications for an author's work.

Mrs. Howe has been especially blessed in her family relations, though her heart has been wrung by the loss of her husband and her eldest daughter. A lovely group of children and grandchildren remain to cluster around her full of love for their still beautiful and gifted grandmother—a woman, whom all women delight to honor.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

WILL some one who has had occasion recently to give the subject some attention give THE HOUSEHOLD suggestions about pretty window curtains that are not expensive? Such an article will be a great help to many.

DANDELION BOQUETS.

—To make beautiful boquets of dandelion heads, pick them just as soon as the flower drops off, or pick off carefully. They will look like little paint brushes when ready for use. Now take the leafless branches of hemlock or balsam and tie in bunch just as large as you wish. If you wish them to look white, dip them in cold water and sift wheat flour on them. Set them in a jar, vase or basket, where you wish the bouquet to be. Then gather the Dandelions in hands and put them in among the twigs leaving room for them to open into the perfect falls, with there delicate white fuzzy seed Set them where no air can disturb them. You will be surprised at their beauty and durability. I have them two to three years old, and they are very pretty. They ought to be placed on a bracket or shelf, so they do not get bumped out. Bright buds of tissue paper, or white or light brown look well placed in them, or a few stems of dried grasses look well.—MRS. LORISA HOLMES, Westford, Otsego county, N. Y.

SPRING FANCY WORK—(*Concluded.*)—A pretty footstool can be made by padding and covering a board the desired size and about two inches thick. Line the bottom with cambric, and at the corners screw on dozen hooks, such as are used in wardrobes. Gild these hooks, which form the legs of the stool. Hassocks made of seven fruit cans are so common as to require no description.

Covers for lamp shades are pretty ornaments during the day, but must be removed at night They can be made of almost any material. One way is to take a piece of silk as wide as the depth of the shade and a very little longer than the size around. Sew together; run a shir at the top and run in elastic cord. Sew a frill of lace at the bottom. Another way is to sew strips of lace and ribbon together. Several kinds of each case be used. Finish the edge with lace, or double the lace and ribbon into points and sew balls or barrels to them.

To make balls of wool or silk, wind from 60 to 100 (for silk) times around a four tined fork. Tie securely between the second and third tine. Slip off, cut and trim, and roll between the hands. Shade covers can be made of almost any odds and ends of lace, ribbon, silk or beads, and I have seen them very prettily made of tissue paper and cambric.

Some one wanted to make a "housewife" for a gentleman. It can be made of any material, but chamois or kid are the prettiest for the outside. Cut a strip of kid and one of silk, six inches by eighteen. Cut two pieces of cardboard five and a half by three add a half; put a layer of cotton over each and cover with silk. Place together and overhand neatly around the edge. Cut four leaves of fine flannel the same size and pink the ends and one side. Bind with ribbon at the top, leaving the binding an inch over at each end. Put pins around the edge of the cardboard pieces and fasten the needle loop upon the top. Place this upon the silk lining half an inch from the bottom and sew into place. An inch above this place a pocket of silk, shirred over a rubber, and make the pocket about three inches deep. An inch and a half above this place another pocket. Above this put a loop for a pair of small round pointed scissors. At the top of each pocket, upon the under side, tack a strip of pasteboard to hold it in shape. It is well to line the silk with cremline. Round the top of both silk and kid; place together and bind with narrow ribbon, leaving two ends to tie around the case when rolled up. It should be filled with pins, needles, scissors, black and white thread, (wound upon flat cards), black silk, wax, and a tiny bag of buttons. A pretty way to fix the wax is to melt some, dip your thimble in water, and fill it with the wax I forgot to mention a thimble in the list of furnishings. A traveling dressing case is made in very much the same way. At the bottom is a pocket large enough to hold a clothes brush. Then comes loops to hold razor, bone, hand mirror, tooth brush and hair brush. Two pockets are made to hold combs, etc., and a small soap box. They can be made of any heavy material, and are a very useful gift to a father or brother who are away much.

Will shortly give several articles upon china painting, including the treatment of various designs.—MONTANA MAY.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together: n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting abbreviations—ch, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; sl ch st, close chain stiten; d ch st, doublechain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; n, narrow; sh c, shell crochet.

LEAF LACE.—Cast on 14 stitches. 1st row—s 1—k 1—fagot—p 2—n—o—n—o—n—fagot. 2d row—fagot—p 5—k 2—fagot—k 2. 3d row—s 1—k 1—fagot—p 2—k 2—o—k 1—o—k 2—fagot. 4th row—fagot—p 7—k 2—fagot—k 2. 5th row—s 1—k 1—fagot—p 2—k 3—o—k 1—o—k 3—fagot. 6th row—fagot—p 9—k 2—fagot—k 2. 7th row—s 1—k 1—fagot—p 2—k 4—o—k 1—o—k 4—fagot. 8th row—fagot—p 11—k 2—fagot—k 2. 9th row—s 1—k 1—fagot—p 2—s 1—k 1—pass slip over—k 7—n—fagot. 10th row—fagot—p 9—k 3—fagot—k 2. 11th row—s 1—k 1—fagot—k 3—s 1—k 1—pass slip over—k 5—n—fagot. 12th row—fagot—p 7—k 4—fagot—k 2. 13th row—s 1—k 1—fagot—p 4—s 1—k 1—pass slip over—k 3—n—fagot. 14th row—fagot—p 5—k 5—fagot—k 2. 15th row—s 1—k 1—fagot—p 3—s 1—k 1—pass slip over—k 1—n—fagot. 16th row—fagot—p 3—k 6—fagot—k 2. 17th row—s 1—k 1—fagot—p 6—s 1—n—pass slip over—fagot. 18th row—fagot—k 8—fagot—k 2.

Be sure and leave the thread on the same side of the needles that you are knitting on.

Sarah Frizzell, Lost Valley, Oregon:

STRONG CROCHETED EDGE.—1st row—ch of 6—catch tog. with a s c—ch of 4; 2nd row—put 3 long c in the ring, ch of 2—3 more long c in same place—ch of 4; 3d row—3 long c in middle of last sh—ch of 2—3 long c in same place—then catch with a s c in the ch of 4—ch of 4; 4th row—3 long c in the sh—ch of 2—3 long c in same place—3 long c in the ch of 4—ch of 2—*repeat from star to star 4 times, except last time instead of ch of 2—catch with s c into ch of 6 at the beginning—ch of 1; 5th row—put in each ch of these st—1 s c—3 long c—1 s c, except in last ch omit last s c. Proceed with 3 long c in sh, etc.—F. W. RECREATIONS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A WORD MORE.—From "Fanny Field."—MRS. J. A. L., S. E., Miss L. E. H., Waltham, Mass., King's Daughter, Pueblo, Col., King's Daughter, St. Henrys, O., and "A Friend:" I hereby gratefully acknowledge the receipt of your contributions to the fund I am trying to raise for the benefit of the poor, homeless old lady of whom I told you in THE BLADE of April 4. All other letters received here have been answered by mail. I also desire to thank all for their kind words of encouragement as well as for the money sent. In answer to my letter in THE BLADE I have received in all $13.85—not much, but every little helps.

Now, in the BLADE family there must be many more who can each give a little and never miss it. A dime is not much, but "many littles make a muckle," and if every BLADE reader who can do so (those who have not already contributed) will send a dime apiece as soon as possible, the poor woman will soon be cheered by the knowledge that she can have a home and home comforts during the rest of her life. A dime, or even two or three of them, can, if first wrapped in paper, be sent in an ordinary letter without extra postage, but larger sums should be sent by registered letter, postal money order on Athol, Mass., postal note or money order on American Express company. Address Mrs. R. K. Sieg, New Salem, Mass.

A FEW HINTS ABOUT DYEING.—Nearly every housekeeper has at some time or other tried her hand at dyeing, and where one has made a success of it a dozen have failed. Having had considerable experience in the matter, will give the HOUSEHOLD the benefit of it. Supposing you wish to dye an all-wool dress, I will tell you how to do so with success. Rip up the garment, being careful to pick out all threads. Next weigh your goods and decide what color you will use. I always use the Diamond dyes, as they give the best results. When you go to buy the dye, read the directions, and see if it will dye the weight of goods you have. If not, buy another package. Put the dye into a piece of cheese cloth, and tie up loosely. Place it in a bright bucket or earthen dish, and pour over it a pint of hot or warm water, whichever the label says. If the goods are dirty, wash carefully in as hot soap suds as you can put your hands in. Rinse in hot water. Let the goods stay in the rinsing water until the dye is prepared. Always use bright tin or earthenware to prepare the dye in. A clean coal oil can, a new dishpan, or a stone crock are good. Have it large enough so as not to crowd the goods. If you do not have one vessel that is large enough, when the dye is ready to put in the goods, divide it into two or more dishes. You must cover the goods which has to boil. The label will tell you how to proceed.

Let the pint of dye be strained through cheese cloth before putting it into the water. If this is not done the goods is sure to be spotted. When the dye is boiling hot, wring out the goods and put them in carefully, pressing them down with a clean stick until all parts are under the dye. Care must be used in putting them in or air will get under the goods. If two or more dishes are used to dye in, remember which dish had the goods put in first, and take them out first. This is in order to have them of the same shade. If a mordant comes with the color used, the goods must be put into it after being taken from the rinse water. In some colors, (blue for instance) when the goods are taken from the dye, they are put into a rinse of vinegar and water.

When the goods have boiled the allotted time prepare the rinse water and with two sticks lift the goods into it. Stir and press with the sticks until the goods look evenly colored, then lift them into another in water. In this way the hands need not be stained. If the goods are wool, the rinse water should be hot, so as not to fill up the goods. They can be wrung out of the rinse, but I prefer to have the tub carried out under the line, and lift them out and hang up, wringing. Hang them in the shade and when nearly dry, press them with hot irons upon the wrong side until perfectly dry. If the above directions are followed one is sure of success, or at least I am.

I do not advise dyeing long articles whole, such as dresses. It pays in the long run to rip them up. Men's clothes or cloaks can be "dry" dyed. First carefully clean off all grease spots with some good cleaning preparation. Then dissolve a package of the desired color in a pint of water, as above. When dissolved, strain, generally leave the dye over night to dissolve. Sponge the garment with warm water until dampened well. It is best to only dampen a part at a time, such as a sleeve, or a front of a coat. Put the dye on the stove until boiling hot. Lay the garment upon a table, and go over the dampened part carefully with a sponge wet in the hot dye. When it has been all gone over, let it dry, and if not a dark enough, go over it again. When the desired color is obtained, press carefully.

When dyeing, it is well to hunt up all articles you wish to color, and when the larger ones are dyed, quite a lot of smaller articles can be dyed, and will be a shade lighter. I always keep a very little of each dye in a bottle, to use in dyeing eggs, ribbons, etc., or for painting. Felt hats are dyed like gaments, and so are straw ones in most cases, although they can be put in and boiled where the other way does not give satisfaction. In dyeing small articles, one must use the judgment as regards the quantity of dye to use. If any is left do not throw it away, but put it into a bottle for future use. Be careful to label it. In dyeing, be sure that the garments are free from dirt and grease. Some future time I will tell you of the different things that can be improved by a bath of diamond dye. The reason ladies in the old people generally try to dye twice as much as the package calls for, and none is dyed well. I will answer all questions that I am able, about dyeing, through THE BLADE.

If one's hands get stained, rub them with lemon juice, tartaric acid or cream of tartar. In mosteases, however, it will wear off in 24 hours. Be sure to use the dyes made especially for cotton goods, in dyeing cotton or mixed goods. I forgot to say that after rinsing wool goods twice, I wash them in hot suds and then rinse again. This keeps them from "smelling." I have known several who made pretty striped rug carpets, and used diamond dyes to color the rags, and I never heard them complain of the dyes fading. I have never had them fade from exposure to the sun or fire. Each one who complained probably did not boil them as long as the directions said.—J. M. HILL.

SHE LIKES IT.—First of all I want to thank the editor for the good and interesting articles she writes for us each week, and express the hope that she likes her work so well, and her life, as editor of THE HOUSEHOLD, is so pleasant, that we shall not lose her valuable services for many years yet. And I believe that when she allows a record of her life work to be printed, some time in the future, that it will compare favorably with that of any of the eminent women of which she has told us recently. Everything in THE BLADE is good, and every page is as near perfect as it is possible for them to be; still, I must confess to a special liking for THE HOUSEHOLD and THE QUESTION BUREAU, and John particularly likes THE CAMP FIRE, as he was a soldier in the Union army during the late unpleasantness and we both like every page so that shows that it is a great parosite with faith.

Now, I would like to say to "Montana May" that I am very glad she was pleased with my efforts to serve her by sending the box of orange leaves, buds, etc., and that I am sorry it was a failure (or nearly so) by reason of her being so far away from Toledo, as to make it impossible for her to receive it, because I would have been so glad if she could have written to me, as I should prize a letter from so talented a lady very highly. I would have written this sooner, only for the fact that I have been away on a visit to my old home at Oak Hill, this county, and have just returned and seen the article in the BLADE of May 2.

Another lady gave such a good answer to your question that it really was not so very much easier if you did miss my box, especially as you say that Miss Bouton enjoyed it. I hope she did. Will Miss Bouton kindly say if the contents of the box were in good condition, when it reached her, as wrapping in moss was an experiment with me, and I would be glad to know if it was successful? Also, please tell the lady that inquired how to make lemon extract, that all she has to do is to peel the yellow rind from the lemons, and put it in a bottle, or glass jar, and fill the bottle with alcohol and set in the sun, shaking occasionally. This is the way I saw a friend make it lately, and she says her family never use any other kind, but make all they use.

To the lady that asked how to keep eggs fresh, I will say, that ever since I have lived in this state, I keep my eggs nicely by taking them when fresh and packing them, small end down, in coarse salt, and covering them up pretty well with the salt. This keeps them cool. The box, or whatever they are packed in, should be kept in a cool place. If she wants to keep them some time, the box should be filled with eggs and covered with salt and then nailed up, and the box turned over once a week.—MRS. I. W. HATCH, Dayton, Florida.

INQUIRIES.

The requests for pieces for crazy patchwork have multiplied so rapidly, that the editor is obliged to leave them out of the inquiry column.

How can I make lemon custard or pies, and apple custards?—MOUNTAIN DAISY.

Will some one of the readers of THE BLADE please give something to take off warts of the hands.—MRS. Y. B.

Will some reader of THE BLADE tell me how to bleach a white straw hat, and also how to treat a cally lily during the summer?—MINNIE, Camp Point, Ill.

Can you tell me of what religious belief was the Rev. Daniel March, author of "Our Fathers House or the Unwritten Word?" I would like to ask the readers of THE BLADE if they have any good reading matter they wish to dispose of to send it to my address. It will be thankfully received.—MRS. M. S. TILMAN, San Mignel, S. L., California.

Will some kind readers of THE BLADE send me old papers, magazines and all such reading matter? I like THE BLADE very much, indeed. Would like to correpond with any reader of THE BLADE.—F. CARR, Norrisville, Pa.

Will some one send me a recipe for currant and gooseberry catchup?—ELIZA JANE NIXON, Grinnell, Ia.

I will be pleased if some of the HOUSEHOLD can tell me how to remove stains from white wood, I have a "bread board" which has become stained.

Also what is the disease called roup and what are its symptoms? I have chickens with swollen heads and eyes and can't find out what it is.—PINK'S WIFE.

I would be greatly obliged if some one of the HOUSEHOLD would tell me of something that would destroy the house roach. Those that breed near water pipes and get to be such a nuisance. I have tried insect powders without the least effect.—A FRIEND OF THE BLADE.

Will some reader of THE BLADE tell how fruits can be preserved without canning?—ADDIE.

Will some one tell me where I can get the white lily root and how prepared for tan and freckles?—CARRIE.

Will someone tell me how to take tan off the hands and also redness? And also to remove hairs from a lady's face?—L. S.

Will some one tell me how to clean a wicker chair? I am afraid to try anything on it for fear it will spot it.—A READER.

Will some one tell me how butter may be put up and preserved for winter use?—A READER.

Can some one send short piece of poetry which appeared in the Young Folks' column about a year ago, called "Us Boys?" I am anxious to get it in time for her little boy to recite on "Children's Day." Will return postage to the sender.—MRS. MOLLIE MCCOY, Hume, Edgar county, Ills.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Miss M. Jones' questions about hospital nurses were answered a week or two ago.

A. E. Kopp: Do not give the red bird anything to eat that has salt in it. Hard boiled egg and boiled potatoes are the best for them. Give hemp seed, also mixed canary seed.—A LOVER OF BIRDS.

We have a great number of copies of magazines, illustrated papers, etc., sent to the postoffice as sample copies, and lying uncalled for. If the readers of THE BLADE will send postage we will send as many as the postage will be sufficient for.—J. C. JACKSON, P. M., Harper, Ia.

Written for THE BLADE—*Godey's Ladies' Book* says that there is such a dread of being buried alive that the following sure proof should be printed in every paper: If there is any uncertainty of death having taken place, there is a sure way to tell and that is to have the person placed in a room that is perfectly dark. Then have a bright light and hold the hand near the light and look through it and if there is any life the hand will have a pinkish look, like blood in circulation. If death has taken place the hand will be the appearance of putty, and there will be no appearance of circulation.

I want to tell the sister who inquired about chickens, my way of doctoring them. When I see one looks droopy, I catch it and if it has the scours I give it a piece of copperas the size of a grain of wheat. To prevent this disease, give them copperas in some dough once a month. If you will cut a chicken open, inside the gizzard you will find a spot where the lining has turned dark. In this spot you will see a worm which has eaten through into the liver. Copperas is the only thing I ever tried that would kill this worm. Will the sister please report success through THE BLADE and oblige an anxious reader?—J. F., Gilmer Co., W. Va.

Answer with regard to insects in cistern: Liquid ammonia cleanses the water and insects do not relish it. Put a pint in a cistern, then quickly cover it.—HELPER.

In the name "Marian Harland," the accent in first name comes upon the first syllable Ma, with long a. The surname is as if spelled Har-lund. This is in answer to an inquiry.—ED.

Mrs. J. N. North, Toledo, O.—You will find the answer to your question in regard to Helen of Troy in the QUESTION BUREAU. It was impossible to find room for it in the HOUSEHOLD.—ED.

RECIPES.

Sour Cream Pie.—Two cupfuls of sour cream; 2 cupfuls sugar; 2 eggs, 1 cupful of raisins, 2 crusts. This makes two pies.

Vinegar Pie.—One cupful of sugar; 2 tablespoonfuls flour, mixed together. Put 2 tablespoonfuls of strong vinegar in a tea cup; fill with water; ½ teaspoonful of cinnamon. Makes 1 pie.

Cup Cake.—Break 2 eggs in a tea cup; fill with sour cream; 1 cupful sugar; ½ teaspoonful of salt and saleratus. Season with nutmeg.

Good Cookies.—Where eggs and cream are plenty. 1 coffee cupful of sugar; 2 eggs; 1 cupful of thick cream; a piece of butter the size of an egg; a teaspoonful of caraway seeds. Mix well, roll thin, bake quick.

To Fry Eggs.—A nice way is to break the eggs separately in a skillet of hot grease and cover with a tin lid. Drop a little water in as you cover them. The steam cooks them on top nicely.—NEWCOMER.

TO CLEAN RIBBON.—In answer to the inquiry of how to clean ribbon, will say that it can be washed in benzine or gasoline, but very much prefer the following way: Fill a bowl half full of luke warm water and have handy a cake of good white soap, a large round bottle and a toothbrush. Dampen the ribbon and place one end upon the bottle and hold it smoothly around it. Dip the brush into the water, rub upon the soap and at once proceed to scour the ribbon; do this the whole length, holding it down tightly over the bottle. Rinse up and down, and see if it is perfectly clean. If not rub the spots again. Rinse and sponge dry, being careful not to squeeze it across the grain or it will show rough places. If wanted a clear white rinse in blue water. If not, do not rinse. Squeeze as dry as possible and wind tigatly around the bottle, placing a cloth around it to keep it in place. Let it dry for a few hours, then press. Have a moderately hot iron, place near one end of the ribbon upon the wrong side; press down upon the iron, and at the same time quickly draw the ribbon through underit. It is best to have another person to draw out the ribbon, if it is very long. It will look like new. Colored ribbons can be cleaned in the same way.—MONTANA MAY.

CREAM PIE.—After you make your crust and put it in the pan, put in it 2 two tablespoonfuls of flour, 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar, butter the size of a walnut, 1 pint of cream, flavor with lemon. Now put your pie in the oven, watching it closely, and when it is hot stir with a spoon from the bottom of the crust once or twee. When done remove it from the oven, beat the white of 1 egg, spread over the pie, return to the oven and merely let it brown. I will insure this to be good.—MRS. LON HARE.

TO KILL CHIGGERS.—I see in THE BLADE that someone wants to know how to kill chiggers. Here is my way. Take oil of sassafras and alcohol, equal parts. Put it on the places and it will kill them and kill the itching and leave no bad scent.—HOOSIER BONNIE.

TO REMOVE SCALES FROM FISH, especially those having very small scales, is with most of us a very unpleasaant and difficult task, the following I have found very satisfactory: Hold the fish up, head downward, and pour boiling water over it. Do not scald too much. If rightly done the scales may then be removed with ease.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

FOND DU LAC, WIS.

Ida Coffman.	Edward Danks.
Lottie Bryne.	Cora Bates.
Clara Coffman.	Oscar Wheeler.
Hugh Hallows.	Willie Holman.
Effie Joslyn.	Allen Josiyn.
Charles Coffman.	Willie Coffman.
Bertha Rehbine,	Mary Crofoot.
Edith Coffman.	Sheldon Crofoot.
Mary Burgess.	Fred Henkel.
Mabel Joslyn.	Ed Henkel.

Names this week, 20. Total 26,850.

The above embraces all names received up to May 31.

A LITTLE TOO PERT.

MARIAN DOUGLAS, IN "THE NURSERY."

There was once a pretty chicken,
But his friends were very few,
For he thought that there was nothing
In the world but what he knew:
So he always in the farmyard
Had a very forward way,
Telling all the hens and turkeys
What they ought to do and say.

"Mrs. Goose," he said, "I wonder
That your goslings you should let
Go out paddling in the water;
It will kill them to get wet."

"And I wish, my old Aunt Dorking,"
He began to her one day,
"That you wouldn't sit all summer
In your nest upon the hay.
Won't you come out to the meadow,
Where the grass with seeds is filled?"
"If I should," said Mrs. Dorking,
"Then my eggs would all get chilled."
"No, they won't," replied the chicken;
"And no matter if they do.
Eggs are really good for nothing:
What's an egg to me or you?"

"What's an egg?" said Mrs. Dorking;
"Can it be you do not know
You yourself were in an egg-shell
Just one little month ago?
And if kind wings had not warmed you,
You could not be out to-day
Telling hens, and geese, and turkeys,
What they ought to do and say.
To be very wise, and show it,
Is a pleasant thing, no doubt;
But when young folks talk to old folks,
They should know what they're about."

THE GOBLIN STORM: A LEGEND OF BIGSTORIA.

BY BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

THE Sergeant was home from Tonquin—so said all the village — and was staying at the Inn, "too proud to speak to any one"—so added those who envied him the attention excited by his gorgeous uniform.

But Jules and Gaston, Jean and Emil, said bluntly that they knew better, and to show their faith in their old comrade invited him to take soup with them as he used to do before he went into the army.

Behold, then, the five friends around the table. What have they to talk of after their long separation? We will listen.

The Sergeant is speaking:

"Indeed, I hardly know how one lives at all on those tropics. Without boasting, I myself bear things as well as most of my neighbors, but—I confess it, my friends, I have been frightened by the tropics. Think of it, my boys, a French officer afraid of the weather!"

"Of the weather?" asked Emil.

"I cannot see that!" said Jules.

"It is no more than the truth," resumed the sergeant. "In Tonquin we have thunder and lightning—for I can not otherwise name them—but not such as come to these villages; little groans of thunder here, and sparks of lightning there—but thunderstorms to terrify, stupify!"

"How so?" asked Gaston, curiously.

The Sergeant had enjoyed his soup and truly his tongue talked of itself.

"In Tonquin," said he, rising to his feet for so one gestures more easily, "the lightest of our thunder cracks cannonballs in two; and one peal follows another so fast that there is never but one—which, however, lasts as long as the storm."

"Strange enough," said Jules, with his mouth open, his spoon in the air.

"And the lightning?" asked Jean, quickly.

"The lightning?" repeated the Sergeant, "much the same sort. It is never seen. All the world stays indoors and puts on green spectacles—one or two pairs!"

"A curious custom!" remarked Emil, looking askance at his veteran.

"As you say—curious indeed," replied the Sergeant, smiling. You would enjoy the oddity of it, I have little doubt. But there is something more worthy of notice. There is the rain. In Tonquin the rain falls so fast that it doesn't reach the ground!"

"But, Sergeant," cried Gaston, rising to protest, "your last statement is hardly credible!"

"Oh, you demand an explanation," said the Sergeant with some warmth, and pounding the table with his stiff fingers, "it is because the rain drops fall so fast they are dried up by the friction of the air —that is, of course, all but a little. I do not mean to say that none of the water falls to the ground—that would be unreasonable."

"So I thought," said Gaston, nodding his head wisely.

"You were right, Gaston," said the Sergeant grandly. "Always tell me if you find my stories incredible. I am a little irritable, but not proud. And I know (since I, too, lived in this little village —so long ago!) how seldom you hear such adventures!"

"My word, but I have heard things as strange!" said Gaston, dryly.

"Then my stories do not surprise you?" asked the soldier with some disappointment.

"Why should they?" replied Gaston. "I have never been in Tonquin. I have heard of queerer things, however; yes, and in this very town!"

"Such as——?" said the Sergeant, looking hard at the other and twisting his mustache ends into two needle-points.

Some people would say your Tonquin storms were not large," Gaston said frankly. "But I am not so foolish. Freely I admit that such storms are rare in this village. I do contend that we have here the smallest storms that can well be."

The Sergeant moved uneasily on his four-legged stool and gazed at Gaston with his eyelids half closed.

"Did you never hear of them?" said Gaston, seeming to be much surprised.

"Never," said the Sergeant, in a peculiar voice.

"It is said that once at the Inn, where you are staying, a man who had been a sailor,—I think it was a sailor,—came home from Algeria, and told of many wonderful experiences. Sea-serpents, land-slides, unicorns, roc's eggs, and mermaids,—such was his stock in trade. Well, one morning that soldier—"

"Sailor!" said the Sergeant, frowning.

"Sailor, of course,—that sailor came to breakfast telling of a terrible storm, a thunderstorm—a true Tonquin storm, if you will permit me, Sergeant." The Sergeant bowed, still frowning. "But strangely enough," Gaston went on, "no one else had seen any signs of a storm, whatever; had gone to every one's house at a bright moonlight night! Now I call that worthy of remark!"

"Truly so," said the Sergeant, uneasily.

"And, strangely enough," went on the villager, "there is a legend that such storms are the work of goblins, who thus punish tellers of big stories, as, it seems, the sailor must have been!"

The Sergeant made no comment, but drummed a quickstep upon the table, whistling a noiseless fife accompaniment.

Emil, Jules, and Jean had been listening open-mouthed and ransacking their brains to find some trace of this wonderful legend. But no one of them could recall it, and, while they were collecting their wits to question Gaston, the Sergeant asked:

"Where was it you said this sailor lodged?"

"At your Inn, in the front room on the left—your room, by the way, Sergeant, is it not?"

"That is where they have put me," replied the veteran. Then rising, he shook hands all round, saying, "Good-night, my lads, good-night. Remarkable place, the tropics."

"Remarkable, indeed!" they answered.

No sooner was their guest out of sight than the others turned to Gaston, who was laughing to himself at their wondering faces.

After a short explanation, during which the four heads were very close together, Jules went in one direction for a dark-lantern, Gaston set forth in another to borrow a drum, Jean went in a third for the big watering pot, while Emil was to fill a basket with sand and gravel. When they came back, later in the evening, each had succeeded in his errand.

"We will give the Sergeant a Goblin Thunderstorm," Gaston said with a smile. Then all four laughed aloud. They were sharp fellows, and they comprehended his plan.

Although the moon shone brightly that night, the conspirators set forth for the Inn, walking in a single file, and grinning with anticipation.

About midnight they were in front of the window of the "front room on the left." Emil threw the sand against the panes, Gaston beat a terrible roll upon the drum, and Jules flashed the light of his lantern through the window, while Jean spattered water upon the glass.

The Sergeant arose, came to the window and gazed curiously out. Apparently there was bright moonlight and a cloudless sky; but he had seen the lightning, heard the thunder, and surely those were drops of rain upon the panes of the window.

The four mischief-makers had crouched closely against the wall, and with difficulty restrained themselves from noisy mirth.

The steps retreated from the window.

After waiting a moment, another "Goblin Storm" was created, and brought the puzzled man again to the window; but so closely flattened against the Inn were the four friends that there was no clue to the mystery, and the Sergeant once more retired, too sleepy to make any further investigation that night.

A third repetition of their trick brought their victim running to the door—as they had expected.

Being ready for him, Jean deluged the poor Sergeant with water, Gaston deafened him with the drum, Jules blinded his eyes with the lantern, while Emil pelted him with the gravel, and he staggered back indoors with his hands over his eyes and his breath almost gone.

Next day the Sergeant asked the landlord at breakfast-time whether the terrible storm had awaken.

The landlord stared at him in silence for a moment, and then said:

"Sergeant, are you crazy?"

"Landlord, what do you mean?" replied the soldier with much dignity, rising to his feet.

"It was a calm, bright moonlight night, as any one will tell you. Why do you ask such a foolish question?—To make me ridiculous?"

"It was but a poor joke, wasn't it, mine host?" said the Sergeant, with a twist of his big mustache, while his cheeks grew very red. "Pray say nothing about it, and I will promise not to repeat so ill-timed a pleasantry," and away he marched, very erect and very proud indeed.

Strangely enough, not only did the Sergeant seek no explanation of his remarkable experience at the Inn, but even his wonderful adventures in Tonquin were no more recalled.

As Gaston, Jules, Emil, and Jean, they never met together without chuckling and poking one another, and this they continued to do until next fair-time,

TRICKS IN HUNTING.

The hunter in every land has long used deception and ruse to enable him to get within reasonable distance of his game. Hunting by imitating the animal to be caught is very common among the natives of many tribes. In Africa we find the curious dwarfs, the Akkas, discovered by Dr. Schweinfurth, hunting ostriches in this manner. An ostrich skin is taken and drawn over one of the hunters, who supports the neck either with a stick or one arm, a bow and arrow being held ready for use. Fitted in this way the human ostrich moves over the plain, pretending to feed, and imitating the motions of the live bird so well that in many cases they approach closely enough to bring them down with a well aimed arrow.

A family of these little people, who are not over four or five feet in height, was recently brought to Europe, and in Berlin gave a representation before some scientific men of their methods of hunting ostriches, which was considered very ingenious.

The ostrich, though stupid, is not always deceived, and an instance is related where one of the birds becoming enraged, either at the supposed bird or the hunter, rushed at it and at a single kick

Talmage's Sermon.

DR. TALMAGE ON EVIL COMPANIONS

He Makes Some New Remarks on an Old Subject—How Spendthrifts and Debauchees Are Made—Evil Wrought by the Skeptic.

BROOKLYN, June 2.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Tabernacle. He took for his text Proverbs xiii, 20: "A companion of fools shall be destroyed." Following is a verbatim report of the sermon:

"May it please the court," said a convicted criminal, when asked if he had anything to say before sentence of death was passed upon him, "may it please the court, bad company has been my ruin. I received the blessings of good parents, and, in return, promised to avoid all evil associations. Had I kept my promise I should have been saved this shame, and been free from the load of guilt that hangs round me like a vulture, threatening to fling me to justice for crimes yet unrevealed. I, who once moved in the first circles of society, and have been the guest of distinguished public men, am lost, and all through bad company.

This is but one of the thousand proofs that the companion of fools shall be destroyed. It is the invariable rule. There is a well man in the wards of a hospital, where there are a hundred people sick with ship fever, and he will not be so apt to take the disease as a good man would be apt to be smitten with moral distemper if shut up with iniquitous companions.

In olden times prisoners were herded together in the same cell, but each one learned the vices of all the culprits, so that, instead of being reformed by incarceration, the day of liberation turned them out upon society beasts, not men.

Do Not Seek Bad Companions.

We may, in our places of business, be compelled to talk to and mingle with bad men; but he who deliberately chooses to associate himself with vicious people is engaged in carrying on a courtship with a Delilah, whose shears will clip off all the locks of his strength, and he will be tripped into perdition. Sin is catching, is infectious, is epidemic. I will let you look over the millions of people now inhabiting the earth, and I challenge you to show me a good man who, after one year, has made choice and consorted with the wicked. A thousand dollars reward for one such instance. I care not how strong your character may be. Associate with gamblers, you will become a gambler. Clan with burglars, and you will become a burglar. Go among the unclean, and you will become unclean. Not appreciating the truth of my text, many a young man has been destroyed. He wakes up some morning in the great city, and knows no one except the persons into whose employ he has entered.

As he goes into the store all the clerks mark him, measure him and discuss him. The upright young men of the store wish him well, but perhaps wait for a formal introduction, and even then feel a delicacy about inviting him into their associations. But the bad young men of the store at the first opportunity approach and offer their services. They patronize him. They profess to know all about the town. They will take him anywhere that he wishes to go—if he will pay the expenses. For if a good young man and a bad young man go to some place where they ought not, the good young man has invariably to pay the charges. At the moment the ticket is to be paid for, or the champagne settled for, the bad young man feels around in his pocket and says: "I do not forget that my pocket-book." In 48 hours after the bad fellows of the establishment slap him on the shoulder familiarly, and, at his stupidity in taking certain allusions, say: "My young friend, you will have to be broken in;" and they immediately proceed to break him in. Young man, in the name of God I warn you to beware how you let a bad man talk familiarly with you. If such an one slap you on the shoulder familiarly, turn round and give him a withering look, until the wretch crouches in your presence. There is no monstrosity of wickedness that can stand unabashed under the glance of purity and honor. God keeps the lightnings of heaven in his own scabbard, and no human arm can wield them; but God gives to every young man a lightning that he may use, and that is the lightning of an honest eye. Those who have been close observers will not wonder why I give warning to young men, and say: "Beware of bad company."

First, I warn you to shun the skeptic—the young man who puts his fingers in his vest and laughs at your old fashioned religion, and turns over the pages of the Bible and says: "Explain that, my pious friend; explain that." And who says: "Nobody shall scare me; I am not afraid of the future; I used to believe in such things, and so did my father and mother, but I have got over it." Yes, he has got over it; and if you sit in his company a little longer you will get over it. Without one solitary argument against the Christian religion such men will, by their jeers and scoffs and caricatures, destroy your respect for that religion which was the strength of your father in his declining years, and the pillow of your old mother when she lay a-dying. Alas! a time will come when that blustering young infidel will have to die, and then his diamond ring will flash from the sepulcher as the eyes of Dante as he stands over the couch waiting for his soul. Those beautiful locks will be uncombed upon the pillow, and the dying man will say: "I cannot die—I cannot die." Death, standing ready beside the couch, says: "You must die; you have only half a minute to live; let me have it right away—your soul." "No," says the young infidel, "here are my gold rings and these pictures; take them all." "No," says Death, "what do I care for pictures!—your soul." "Stand back," says the dying infidel. "I will not stand back," says Death, "for you have only ten seconds now to live; I want your soul." The dying man says: "Don't breathe that cold air into my face. It is getting too cold in the dying dark in the room. O God!" "Hush," says Death; "you said there was no God." "Pray for me," exclaims the expiring infidel. "Too late to pray," says Death; "but three more seconds to live, and I will count them off—one-two-three." He was gone. Where? Where? Bury him out—out, and bury him beside his father and mother, who died while holding fast the Christian religion. They died singing, but the young infidel only said: "Don't breathe that cold air in my face. You crowd me too hard. It is getting dark in the room."

The Man Who Does Nothing is Worth Nothing.

Again, I urge you to shun the companionship of idlers. There are men hanging around every store, and office, and shop, who have nothing to do, or act as if they had not. They are apt to come in when the firm are awey, and wish to engage you in conversation while you are engaged in your regular employments. A regular suggest to such persons that you have no time to give them during business hours. Nothing would please them so well as to have you renounce your occupation and associate with them. Much of the time they lounge around the club rooms or the doors of engine houses, or after the dining hour stand upon the steps of a fashionable hotel or an elegant restaurant, wishing to give you the idea that that is the place where they dine. But they do not dine there. They are sinking down lower and lower day by day. Neither by day nor by night have anything to do with the idlers. Before you admit a man into your acquaintance ask him politely, "What do you do for a living?" If he says, "Nothing; I am a gentleman," look out for him. He may have a very soft hand and very faultless apparel, and have a high sounding family name, but his touch is death. Before you know it you will, in his presence, be ashamed of your work dress. Business will become to you drudgery, and after awhile you will lose your place, and afterwards your respectability, and last of all your souls. Idleness is next door to villainy. Thieves, gamblers, burglars, shoplifters and assassins are made from the class who have nothing to do. When the police go to hunt up and arrest a culprit they seldom go to look in among busy clerks or in the busy carriage factory, but they go among the groups of idlers. The play is going on at the theater, when suddenly there is a shuffle in the top gallery. What is it? A policeman has come in, and, leaning over, has tapped on the shoulder of a young man, saying: "I want you sir." He has not worked during the day, but somehow has raked together a shilling or two to get into the top gallery. He is an idler. The man on his right hand is an idler, and the man on his left hand is an idler.

Shrink back from idleness in yourself and in others, if you would maintain a right position. Good old Asbbel Green, at more than 80 years of age, was found busy writing, and some young man said to him: "Why do you keep busy? It is time for you to rest." He answered: "I keep busy to keep out of mischief." No man is strong enough to be idle.

Are you fond of pictures? If so I will show you one of the works of an old master. Here it is: "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo! it was grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall was broken down. Then I saw and considered well. I looked upon it and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth, and thy want as an armed man." I don't know of another sentence in the Bible more explosive than that. It first hisses softly, like the fuse of a cannon, and at last bursts like a 54-pounder. The old proverb was right: "The devil tempts most men, but idlers tempt the devil."

Bread That is Cast Upon the Waters.

A young man came to a man of 90 years of age and said to him: "How have you made out to live so long and be so well?" The old man took the youngster to an orchard, and, pointing to some large trees full of apples, said: "I planted these trees when I was a boy, and do you wonder that now I am permitted to gather the fruit of them?" We gather in old age what we plant in our youth. Sow to the wind and we reap the whirlwind. Plant in early life the right kind of a Christian character, and you will eat luscious fruit in old age, and gather these harvest apples in eternity.

Again, I urge you to avoid the perpetual pleasure seeker. I believe in recreation and amusement. I need it as much as I need bread, and go to my daily exercise with as conscientious a purpose as I go to the Lord's Supper; and all persons of sanguine temperament must have amusement and recreation. God would not have made us with the capacity to laugh if he had not intended us sometimes to indulge it. God hath hung in sky, and set in wave, and printed on grass many a roundelay; but he who chooses pleasure seeking for his life work does not understand for what God made him. Our amusements are intended to help us in some earnest mission. The thunder cloud hath an edge exquisitely purpled, but with voice that jars the earth, it declares: "I go to water the green fields." The wild flowers under the fence are gay, but they say: "We stand here to make a beautiful edge for the wheat field, and to refresh the husbandmen in their mooning." The stream sparkles and foams and frolics, and says: "I go to baptize the moss. I lave the spots on the trout. I shake the thirst of the bird. I turn the wheel of the mill. I rock in my crystal cradle muckshaw and water lily." And so, while the world plays, it works. Look out for the man who always plays and never works.

You will do well to avoid those whose regular business it is to play ball, skate or go a-boating. All these sports are grand in their places. I never derived so much advantage from any ministerial association as from a ministerial club that went out to play ball every Saturday afternoon in the outskirts of Philadelphia. These recreations are grand to give us muscle and spirits for our regular toil. I believe in muscular Christianity. A man is often not so near God with a weak stomach as when he has a strong digestion. But shun those who make it their life occupation to sport. There are young men whose industry and usefulness have fallen overboard from the yacht on the Hudson or the Shrewsbury. There are men whose business fell through the ice of the skating pond, and has never since been heard of. There is a beauty in the gliding of a boat, in the song of skates, in the soaring of a well struck ball, and I never see one fly but I involuntarily throw up my hands to catch it; and, so far from laying an injunction upon ball playing, or any other innocent sport, I think them all as belonging of right to those of us who toil in the grand industries of church and state.

Listen Not to the Tempter's Voice.

But the life business of pleasure seeking always makes in the end a criminal or a sot. George Brummell was smiled upon by all England, and his life was given to pleasure. He danced with peeresses, and swung a round of mirth, and wealth, and applause, until exhausted of purse, and worn out of body, and bankrupt of reputation, and ruined of soul, he begged a biscuit from a grocer, and declared that he thought a dog's life was better than a man's.

Such men will crowd around your desk or counter or work bench or seek to decoy you off. They will want you to break out in the midst of your week's toil to take a ride with them to Coney Island or to Central Park. They will tell you of some people you must see; of some excursion that you must take; of some Sabbath day that you must dishonor. They will tell you of exquisite wines that you must take; of costly operas that you must hear; of wonderful dancers that you must see; but before you accept their convoy or their companionship, remember that while at the end of a useful life you may be able to look back to kindnesses done, to honorable work accomplished, to poverty helped, to a good name earned, to Christian influence exerted, to a Saviour's cause advanced—these pleasure-seekers, on their death bed, have nothing to review but a torn play bill, a ticket for the races, an empty tankard, and the cast out rinds of a carousal; and, as in the delirium of their awful death, they clutch the goblet, and press it to their lips, the dregs of the cup, falling upon their tongue, will begin to hiss and uncoil with the adders of an eternal poison.

Cast out these men from your company. Do not be intimate with them. Always be polite. There is no demand that you ever sacrifice politeness. A young man accosted a Christian Quaker with: "Old chap, how did you make all your money?" The Quaker replied: "By dealing in an article that thou mayest deal in if thou wilt—civility." Always be courteous, but at the same time firm. Say no as if you meant it. Have it understood in store, and shop and street, that you will not stand in the companionship of the skeptic, the idle, the pleasure seeker.

Rather than enter the companionship of such, accept the invitation to a better feast. The promises of God are the fruits. The harps of heaven are the music. Clusters from the vineyards of God have been pressed into the tankards. The sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty are the guests. While, standing at the banquet, to fill the cups and divide the clusters, and command the harps, and welcome the guests, is a daughter of God on whose brow are the blossoms of Paradise and in whose cheek is the flush of celestial summer. Her name is Religion.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

Where the Right Roads Leads To.

Decide this soon, oh young man, what direction you will take. There comes such a moment of final decision—why not this? One night I saw a young man at the street corner evidently doubting as to which direction he had better take, his hat lifted high enough so you could see he had an intelligent forehead, and he had a stout chest and robust development. Splendid young man. Cultured young man. Honored young man. Why did he stop there while so many were going up and down? The fact is that every man has a good angel and a bad angel contending for the mastery of his spirit, and there was a good angel and a bad angel struggling with that young man's soul at the corner of the street. "Come with me," said the good angel; "I will take you home; I will spread my wing over your pillow; I will lovingly escort you all through life under supernatural protection; I will bless every cup you drink out of, every couch you rest on, every doorway you enter; I will consecrate your tears when you weep, your sweat when you toil, and at the last I will hand over your grave to the bright angel of a Christian resurrection. In answer to your father's petition and your mother's prayer, I have been sent of the Lord out of heaven to be your guardian spirit. Come with me," said the good angel, in a voice of unearthly symphony. It was music like that which drops from a lute of heaven when a seraph breathes on it. "No, no," said the bad angel, "come with me; I have something better to offer; the wines I pour are from chalices of bewitching carousal; the dance I lead is over floor tessellated with unrestrained indulgences; there is no God to frown on the temples of sin where I worship. The skies are Indian. The paths I tread are through meadows daisied and primrosed. Come with me." The young man hesitated at a time when hesitation was ruin, and the bad angel smote the good angel until it departed, spreading wings through the starlight upward and away, until a door flashed open in the sky and forever the wings vanished. That was the turning point in that young man's history; for, the good angel flown, he hesitated no longer, but started on a pathway which is beautiful at the opening, but blasted at last. The bad angel leading the way openened gate after gate, and at each gate the road became rougher and the sky more lurid, and, what was peculiar, as the gate slammed shut it came to with a jar that indicated that it would never open. Passed each portal, there was a grinding of locks and a shoving of bolts; and the scenery on either side the road changed from gardens to deserts and the June air became a cutting blast, and the bright wings of the angel turned to sackcloth, and the eyes of light became hollow with hopeless grief, and the fountains that, at the start, had tossed with wine, poured forth bubling tears and foaming blood, and on the right side of the road there was a serpent, and the man said to the bad angel: "What is that serpent?" and the answer was: "That is the serpent of stinging remorse." On the left side of the road there was a lion, and the man asked the bad angel: "What is that lion?" and the answer was: "That is the lion of all devouring despair." A vulture flew through the sky, and the man asked the bad angel: "What is that vulture?" and the answer was: "That is the vulture waiting for the carcasses of the slain." And then the man began to try to pull off of him the folds of something that had wound him round and round, and he said to the bad angel: "What is it that twists me in this awful convolution?" and the answer was: "That is the worm that never dies." "What does all this mean? I trusted in what you said at the corner of the street that night; I trusted it all, and why have you thus deceived me?" Then the last deception fell off the charmer, and it said: "I was sent forth from the pit to destroy your soul: I watched my chance for many a long year; when you hesitated that night on the street I gained my triumph; now you are here. Ha! ha! You are here. Come, now, let us fill these two chalices of fire, and drink together to darkness and woe and death. Hail! hail!" Oh! young man, will the good angel sent forth by Christ or the bad angel sent forth by sin get the victory over your soul? Their wings are interlocked this moment above you, contending for your destiny, as above the Appennes eagle and condor fight midsky. This hour may decide your destiny. God help you. To hesitate is to die!

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

To Prevent Stumps From Sprouting.

F. McB., North Washington, Ohio.—It is almost an impossibility to prevent a stump from sprouting if the tree is an old one. The best way to succeed is to get rid of the stump. As the tree you wish to cut is in your yard, the better way would be to wait until about the middle of July. Then cut the tree and bore a hole with a two-inch auger in the top of the stump, about 18 inches deep. Fill the hole with a concentrated solution of saltpetre, and plug it up. By spring this will have found its way to every part of the stump. Then take out the plug, fill the hole with kerosene and set it on fire, and it is claimed this will consume the entire stump, roots and all.

Lump on Lower Jaw of Mare.

J. H. F., Yuba, Michigan: The lump on the lower jaw of your mare is undoubtedly the lingering effects of the distemper from which she suffered. Rub it with iodine, 1 dr.; lard, 1 oz; mix for an ointment. It may be that pus is re-forming. In this case the part will have to be poulticed until it breaks. The above formula will dissipate swelling where there is no inclination to matterate. The best tonic you can give her so that she will regain strength, is: Bicarbonate of soda, ½ oz.; powdered gentian, ½ oz.; powdered nux vomica, 15 grs. Give this in oats once a day for a week. If there is any tendency toward constipation of the bowels give bran mashes every day until the feces are natural. The horses you speak of very likely died of strangles. In this disease, there is a diversity of opinion whether or not it is contagious. As soon as attacked there should be given the best of treatment and hot fomentations applied to the throat. An ounce of saltpeire should be placed in their drinking water night and morning for three or four days. If the tumor does not point it should be blistered until it bursts. Unless taken in hand at once, unless a veterinarian is called, a horse may strangle to death.

Quidding.

R. M. V., Wesley, Iowa: If your old mare is able to masticate her feed well, but cannot swallow it there must be some abnormal growth to prevent it, and the only way to ascertain positively will be to call a veterinary. We advise you, however, to examine her feces, and see if the food is fully digested, as you suppose. Indications point to troubles with her teeth or salivary glands. See whether some teeth are not longer than others, and do not come together properly. Carefully look over her teeth and see if there is no black spots upon them, that may cause toothache. In the absence of definite information, you are advised to give her 16 ozs. of raw linseed oil, 2 drachms oil of sinses, dried 1 oz. nux vomica, 1 oz. Mix and give to take a her age should be fed on easily masticated and digested food. If matter lodges between the teeth it must be removed every day. Some animals drink less water than others, so that this, which you speak of, may have no significance.

Knee Sprung.

Subscriber, New York: When a horse becomes knee sprung it is the effect of disease. It results from sprain or injury to the back tendons of the leg, as a general thing, but sometimes of the shins, feet or ankles will bring it on. After it has run for three or four months a cure is practically impossible. In the early stages, if there is trouble with the feet, remove the shoes, pare down the feet and open up the heels. If in the shins or joints the trouble must be remedied. If in the back tendons wrap the legs in cold water bandages for about two days, and after cutting the hair from the back tendons, rub from the fetlock to the knee with this: Bin-iodide of mercury, 1 dr.; lard, 1 oz. Rub a little of this on every night, washing off with soap and warm water in the morning. Then re-apply. Do this until there is a free watery discharge, after which wash with soap and warm water. Heal with unsalted lard and turn the animal out to pass for a month.

Cocked Ankle.

E. F., Le Raysville, Pennsylvania: Cocked ankle may result from corns, navicular disease, bruises on the heels, shoulder lameness, or anything that induces the animal to rest his heels or lower back part of leg. You must first find the trouble, and then treat it. Very likely you will find it in the feet. If you can detect the cause a remedy may then be given you. It would be only guess work to recommend anything, as it might be something else in this way. Examine your colt's feet for corns. In many instances this is found to be what is wrong.

Black Dorking Fowls.

G. A. R., Elizabeth New Jersey: The black Dorking fowl is said to be more hardy than the other sub-families. According to Wright the pure-breds are jet black; the neck of some cocks tinged with gold, and the hens silver tinged; the comb usually double, short, sometimes cupped, but sometimes single; the wattles small, the tail feathers shorter and broader than those of the white Dorking, the legs black, short, and with the two under toes separate and distinct. The author named thinks the white Dorking the original breed. There are the gray, silver gray, white and black. The white, in his opinion, were crossed with the old English Essex or some other colored fowl to produce the sub-varieties. The hens of the dark variety are good layers of large sized eggs, and are good mothers. White Dorkings are smaller than the colored varieties. The cock (or male, as in every standard fowl) is in weight about 10 to 12 pounds, and the hen from 8 to 9. The Dorking chicks are said to be delicate, when bred in confinement, and should not be hatched until May. When allowed unlimited range, they breed hardy. The Dorking is a popular fowl in England, more on account of the fine flesh than its egg producing qualities. They lay well when young.

Scum on Colt's Eye.

J. R. H., Yantisville, Illinois: Your letter is not sufficiently explicit for us to judge intelligently what is the matter with your colt's eye, but cataract is suspected. Give the animal a physic of 2 drachms of Barbadoes aloes, ¼ drachm ginger, and ¼ drachm gentian root, made into a ball with syrup. Wash the eye with nitrate of silver, 10 grs.; water, 1½ oz., twice a day. Give internally, twice a day for a week, powdered peruvian bark, ¼ oz.; sulphate of iron, ¼ drachm. This is supposing the colt to be two years or more old. If the case is a recent one, a cure may result, but when a disease of the eye is of long standing there is not much hope for a cure.

Wart on Colt's Leg.

J. W. V., Andover, Missouri: The wart as large as a man's fist, and which has a raw appearance, on your colt's leg, is very likely of cancerous growth, and you should get a veterinarian to cut it out. If there is no veterinarian in your vicinity, take of carbolic acid, 1 drachm; charcoal, a tablespoonful; stir them well together in a teacupful of water, and after making a linseed meal poultice, spread the contents of the cup over the surface of the poultice and apply to the wart, keeping the poultice on for three or four days, renewing it every morning, and keeping it soft. After this, wash off with soap and warm water, and paint over the wart with per-manganate of potash for a few times.

Colt Died After Being Castrated—Colt Leaks Out of Naval—Colts With Blood Spavin.

J. V. D. R., Leighton, Ia.: It would be an impossibility to determine what caused the pain and swelling in your colt, which resulted in death after castration without first knowing all facts connected with the castration. Under the old system of castration with clamps instead of the ecraseur, at times there was extreme pain, and if everything was not done very carefully and properly death sometimes resulted. It is not for us to say, knowing nothing about the case, whether castration was properly performed. If your other colt is not ruptured and there is no soreness, it will come around all right. If there is a breach, write again. Blood spavin is caused by an over-secretion of synmae, or joint oil of true hock, pressing upon the large vein called the sephena. It seldom causes lameness, and treatment is seldom resorted to. If treatment be thought desirable, you may bathe the part with cold water bandages for a few hours; then take of bin-iodide of mercury 1 drachm, lard 1½ oz; cut the hair from over the part affected, and put a little of the above in every day for a week, washing off daily with warm soapsuds water. Heal with fresh lard, and afterward bandage the leg, placing a soft piece of cork over the part that was healed over. A good rest is necessary in such cases.

To Prevent Sweeney in Colts—Lumps on Horses' Shoulders.

J. W. D., Harwell, Ill.: Colts worked at the age of two years should do no heavy hauling. All work should be light, and to prevent the shoulders from becoming lame, bathe them daily with water in which there is a good sprinkling of salt. To prevent lumps from coming on horses' shoulders see that the collars are properly adjusted, and keep the leather of the collars soft by putting a little glycerine in lard oil and rubbing thinly on the face of the collar, rubbing it in thoroughly with the hands. The softest and best collar known, it is claimed by a recent writer, is stuffed with hog's hair. Wash the shoulders as recommended for colts. A collar needs constant care, and if it does not fit properly, should be laid aside for one that will fit.

Evidently Lice.

A. N. C., Lewisburg, Ohio: Judging from your letter, your horse is troubled with lice. They get on an animal and multiply before you know it. Curry him thoroughly, and then sponge him with soft water 1 qt; soft soap, ½ lb.; washing soda, ¼ lb. It may be necessary to repeat this in two weeks. Clean the stall well and whitewash it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Codlin Moth—Exclusive Wheat Growing.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I just came in to rest a few minutes from scraping loose bark from my apple trees, as it affords a shelter for the codlin moth. I have some misgivings about continuing the work, thinking the bark may afford a protection for the trees during severe winter weather. I will wait a few days, hoping to hear from some of the fruit growers of THE BLADE FARM.

J. M. J., of Tascott, Kan., sends thanks for seeds sent. Nine hundred and ninety-one more could do the same, but one is enough for my purpose. I would like nine more to make an even 1,000. They will grow and ripen seeds if planted after June 10. Some time ago I intended to reply to Mr. Green on the wheat question, but the busy whirl of this season of the year has delayed me doing so. I am well pleased with Mr. Stine's article, and hope to read more of the same. Exclusive wheat growing will ruin any farmer, or ruin his farm, at least. It may do for new beginners on the unbroken prairies, and that may be their only safety, in their imagination. Flax and hemp can be so utilized as to supply our merchant marine with cordage and canvas, also for our navy to the exclusion of foreign goods, but first, Congress must put a prohibitory tariff on flax and hemp and their products for the next ten years. The farmers are not able to build factories and purchase machinery to manufacture anything, and, without a high tariff on flour and hemp, capitalists will not invest in that enterprise.

Farmers may organize joint stock companies, and build a creamery, or a cheese factory, where the capital required is not more than $2,000 or $3,000, but to build factories to the amount of $8,000 or $10,000, is too much of an undertaking for any community of farmers. And then they know nothing about manufacturing, and must depend on the sharpers to manage, who will soon lay them out.

If Congress could be induced to protect the raw material of flax and hemp sufficient to induce capitalists to take hold of that enterprise, no doubt it would save not only thousands of dollars to the farmers of our country, but millions.—E. REYNOLDS, Metomen, Wis.

The Lister—The Milling Fraternity.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I read our papers and consider THE BLADE champion of them all.

I am much interested in the farm column. I think W. W. has just about hit the nail on the head in regard to listers. Some fields in this part of the country have been planted (or listed rather) the third time. Many are disgusted with listed corn and say they will use the two-horse planter next season.

I would say to J. W. Nicodemus who gave the milling fraternity an airing in last week's BLADE, "Go in Macduff." If there is any class of animals in the world that need stirring up, it is the millers. J. A. J., of Indiana, seems to take it terribly to heart because the farmers know so much about running a mowing machine, binder, etc., but where, O where, did J. A. J. get his vast amount of knowledge? He certainly must have been a farmer some time in his day.

Mr. Stine's remarks on wheat-raising were good, and the sooner farmers learn to plant less small grain the better. With corn at 18 and 20 cents per bushel, and ready market for hogs at four cents per pound, wheat raising should be abandoned. I am of the opinion that flax, hemp, castor beans and cotton would prove profitable crops for Kansas farmers, especially the two latter, as they have been grown in some parts of the state, and did well. Too many farmers will persist in sticking to one crop. Diversity of crops is what is needed in order to make farming profitable.—A GRANGER, Arlington, Kas.

How to Raise Field Peas.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In answer to W. C. Brown, Amoret, Mo., how to raise field peas, known as cow peas in the south. The custom in the south from time immemorial, has been to plant peas in the corn field when plowing the corn the last time, either broadcast or drilled in water-furrow, or middle. There are several varieties of the cow pea, all good. They are utilized in various ways. Gathered and cured when in the green pod, they are excellent to clover and make good pasturage, care being taken not to allow stock in a green pea field more than two or three hours at a time. They are also about equal to clover to turn under for green manure. If left them get ripe, turn on the hogs, or gather. Spread on wagon cover and thresh out with a flail. They are a very profitable crop, as they can be raised in the corn, and if pastured or the peas gathered, and the vines left to rot, will improve the land. Half a bushel to the acre drilled, or about two bushels broadcast, is about the quantity to plant. Seed can be had in New Orleans, and I suppose St. Louis.—G. R. PUCKETT, Dayton, Florida.

Cut on Barb Wire—Thrush—Gapes in Fowls.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—This is my first to THE BLADE FARM. In last issue I saw remedies for cut on barb wire, thrush in horses' feet, and gapes in chickens. I have had my share in all three. For cut on wire there is nothing better than carbolic acid, 1 part, and sweet oil, 7 parts, and for thrush, oil of tar is as good as anything. I had three very bad cases and used nothing else, and for gapes in chickens there is nothing that will cure, except worming them. There are small worms which get in the windpipe, and nothing short of taking them out will cure. The way it is done, take a horse hair and double it, and put down and then twist it, that will bring them out.—C. W. DIMOT, East Norwalk, Maryland. [The worm that gets in the throat of poultry is known as the strongylus. Anything that will shrivel up the worms will cure, such as per-chloride of iron and freshly made lime water. Your remedy for gape worm is a good one. The head of a timothy stalk, or a feather, stripped, leaving a small amount of feathers on the end, is twisted, will get at them. The latter, however, should be dipped in ingredients given above. The horse hair is excellent. The remedy for thrush is good in first or mild stages. Mr. Demot evidently takes disease in hand at once, which is the proper way. When thrush is constitutional, the entire system of the animal must be treated.—ED.]

Letter From Mr. Green—The Culture of Wheat.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Mr. Stine has manifested a desire to hear from some of us as to the culture of wheat. His article is very good, and true. I have read it two or three times carefully and must agree with him in the main. I do not intend, in this article, or any other article, to advise farmers, one and all, to sow wheat, whether their soil is adapted to it or not, or whether they are in every way prepared to put it in at the proper time and in the proper manner. Were I going to give farmers of Kansas an universal rule, as regards the culture of wheat, I should say, better let it alone, and suck to something the bugs will not injure, as flax, clover, etc. I believe that flax would pay, if the straw could be utilized. Farmers do not like, however, to sow flax and harvest from four to six bushels per acre at 70 cents per bushel, and can not sell the straw. The following year they will not sow it. But little flax was sown here this spring, on account of its partial failure last year. What I see, however, promises a better yield than has been realized heretofore. It is not my aim to advise farmers to raise one kind of farm product or the other, but rather to give my experience and observations as to the time and manner of planting and the manner of cultivation. If a farmer will sow wheat it is my wish that he may harvest a good crop, which he is sure not to do if he does not commit the seed to the proper quality of soil, at the proper time and in the proper manner. Unless he can do these things he would better let his land remain idle, as he will have no harvest, and will raise chinch bugs enough to destroy all the corn, oats, millet, etc., that may be adjacent to the wheat. I am an enthusiast on just one thing, as regards farming, and that one thing is this: Whatever the farmer does he should do just as well as he possibly can, and as near the proper time as possible. Now, Mr. Stine, let us hear from you again. I will also be pleased to hear from others, and if you do not give your name, be sure to give county and state.—ISAAC N. GREEN, Garnett, Anderson county, Kansas.

Received.

American Poultry Journal, Chicago, Ill. Devoted to poultry, pigeons and pet stock.

THE BLADE is indebted to Secretary M. Mohler, Topeka, Kansas, for the report of the Kansas state board of Agriculture, for the quarter ending March 31, 1888, containing a summary of the reports of correspondents as to the condition of crops, fruit, live stock, etc., together with extracts from government reports; papers on corporation statistics, and county agricultural societies. By the secretary. Also, contributed papers on various subjects, and proceedings of State Dairymen's association, meterology, etc. This, like all other publications issued from the state board, is a succinct and comprehensive presentation of facts on various subjects. "How to Promote Institute Work," by the secretary; proceedings of the second annual session of the Kansas Dairy association; and "The Native Grasses of Kansas," compiled by W. A. Kellerman, Ph. D.," with illustrations, are very valuable, and cannot be too highly appreciated by the intelligent population of Kansas.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

FLOOD AND DEATH.

TEN THOUSAND LIVES LOST

By a Flood in the Conemaugh Valley, Pennsylvania—Johnstown a Ruin—Millions of Property Gone.

THE SCENE OF HORROR.

The Conemaugh River and Valley—How the Flood Happened.

No disaster has taken place in any civilized land in the past half century at all approaching, in destructiveness and horror, that which has just devastated the Conemaugh valley. Several villages have been blotted out by the floods almost as effectually and completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up, and thousands of persons have been drowned. The actual extent of the destruction, of course, cannot yet be known; but there is a reasonable certainty that the loss of life will reach from 6,000 to 8,000, and it may exceed the latter figure, while the loss to property will run high into the millions.

The heavy storm which commenced last week in the Far West, and moved eastwardly across the continent, with heavy rains in all sections, was most destructive along the streams whose head waters are in the Alleghany Mountains. The rains in the mountains made every rill a river, and every river a raging torrent.

The Conemaugh River is a mountain stream in Western Pennsylvania, emptying into the Kiskiminetas River, the latter into the Allegheny River, and this in turn into the Ohio at Pittsburg. The valley of the Conemaugh is very narrow—in point of fact shaped like the letter V—the mountains rising from the river bank on each side, with but little or no level land intervening. In Cambria county, on the headwaters of the Conemaugh, was a large reservoir, an artificial lake, 3½ miles long, 1 to 1½ miles wide, and 100 feet deep, held by an immense dam 100 feet high, 90 feet in thickness at its base, and 20 feet across on top. This dam broke, either from the flood, or a cloud-burst, on Friday afternoon, May 31; and the enormous mass of water swept down the valley with irresistible fury. Everything in its path was swept away. Conemaugh, with 2,500 inhabitants, and Woodville, 2,000, were first in its path, and then came Johnstown, a city of 22,000 people.

AT JOHNSTOWN.

Description of the City—The Warning Unheeded—How Ruin Came.

Johnstown is 68 miles east of Pittsburg, and occupies a beautiful situation at the junction of Stony Creek and the Conemaugh river. It is completely surrounded by mountains and hills. The country round is wonderfully rich in minerals, and the town is the seat of the largest iron works in America—those of the Cambria company—engaged in the manufacture of steel rails. The town has steam tanneries, woolen mills, firebrick works and shook factories, four national and private banks, several churches, a public library, good public schools, an opera house, fine hotels, gas and water works. The population is 22,000.

The impending danger was foreseen on Friday, and many people left the valley of the river below, but the majority failed to heed the warning. The dam gave way and turned loose the vast volume of water into the narrow river. Everything was swept before the flood. Whole towns in the valley have been annihilated, and it will be days before the full extent of the loss of life and damage to property can be known. Dead bodies found their way even into the Ohio river. To add to the horror on Friday evening, the mass of buildings carried down against the Johnstown bridge took fire and hundreds of people were burned to death in the middle of the flood.

The people had been warned early in the morning to move to the highlands, but did not heed it, although it was repeated a number of times up to 1 o'clock, when the water poured into Clinder street several feet deep. Then the houses began rocking to and fro, and finally the force of the current carried buildings across streets and vacant lots, and dashed them against each other, breaking them into fragments. These buildings were freighted with the poor wretches who so shortly before had laughed at the cry of danger.

Every creek was a rushing river, and every rivulet a raging torrent. The ground was water-soaked, and when the immense mountain district that drains into the Conemaugh, above South Fork, is taken into consideration, the terrible volume of water that must have accumulated can be realized. Gathering, as it did, within a few minutes, it came against the breast of the South Fork dam with irresistible force.

The frightened natives along the Conemaugh describe the flood as something awful. The first rise came almost without warning, and the torrent came roaring down the mountain passes in one huge wave several feet in height. After the first swell the water continued to rise at a fearful rate.

In the Path of the Torrent.

The course of the torrent from the broken dam at the foot of the lake to Johnstown is almost eighteen miles, and with the exception of at one point the water passed through a narrow V-shaped valley. Four miles below the dam is the town of South Fork, where the South Fork itself empties into the Conemaugh river. The town contained about 2,000 inhabitants. It is said that four-fifths of it has been swept away. Four miles further down on the Conemaugh river, which runs parallel with the line of the Pennsylvania railroad, was the town of Mineral Point. It had 800 inhabitants, 90 per cent of the houses being on a flat and close to the river. Six miles further down was the town of Conemaugh, and here alone was there a topographical possibility of the spreading of the flood, and the breaking of its force. It contained 2,500 inhabitants.

Woodvale, with 2,000 people, lay a mile below Conemaugh, in the flat, and one mile further down were Johnstown and its cluster of sister towns, Cambria City, Prosperity, Conemaugh Borough, with a total population of 30,000.

SEEN AT BOLIVAR.

Hundreds of Poor Wretches Floating Down to Death in the Stream.

Bolivar is a railway station on the Pennsylvania road, 20 miles below Johnstown, on the Conemaugh. Railway men there say the scene on the raging river was awful.

Down through the Packsaddle came the rushing waters. The wooded heights of the Alleghenies looked down in solemn wonder at the scene of the most terrible destruction that ever struck the romantic valley of the Conemaugh.

Clinging to improvised rafts constructed in the death battle from floating boards and timbers were agonized men, women and children, their heart-rending shrieks for help striking horror to the breasts of the on-lookers. The cries were of no avail. Carried along at a railway speed on the breast of the rushing torrent, no human ingenuity could devise a means of rescue. With pallid cheek and hair clinging wet and damp to her cheek, a mother was seen grasping a floating timber, while with her other arm she held her babe.

Trying to Render Aid.

The tidal wave struck Bolivar just after dark, and in five minutes the Conemaugh rose from 6 to 40 feet, and the waters spread out over the whole country. Soon houses began floating down, and clinging to the debris were men, women and children, shrieking for aid. A large number of citizens at once gathered on the county bridge, and they were reinforced by a number from Garfield, a town on the opposite side. They brought a number of ropes, and these were thrown over into the boiling waters as persons drifted by, in efforts to save some poor beings.

For a half hour all efforts were fruitless, until at last, when the rescuers were about giving up all hope, a little boy astride a shingle roof, managed to catch hold of one of the ropes. He caught it under his left arm and was thrown violently against an abutment, but managed to keep hold and was pulled on the bridge amid the cheers of the lookers. The boy's name is Edward Hessler, aged 10.

His story of the frightful calamity is as follows: "When my father I was spending the day at my grandfather's house in Cambria City. In the house at the time were Theo. Edward and John Kintz and John Kintz, jr., Miss Mary Kintz, Mrs. Mary Kintz, wife of John jr. Miss Lizzy Kintz, Miss Rose Smith, John Hirsch and four children, my father and myself. Shortly after 5 o'clock there was a noise of roaring waters and screams

and forced the crowd to pass in single file before the car. Then there was no more trouble, though little children were crying for bread. "Where's that child without stockings?" called out a committeman from a car filled with clothing. There were a dozen shivering little girls in sight and many were poorly clad. It was cold here.

The Cambria Iron Works.

James McMillan, vice-president of the Cambria Iron Works, said in conversation:

"I do not know what our loss is. I cannot even estimate, as I have not the faintest idea what it may be. The upper mill is a total wreck, damaged beyond all repair. The lower mill is damaged to such an extent that all machinery and buildings are useless. The mills will be rebuilt immediately. I have sent out orders that all men that can must report at the mill tomorrow to commence clearing up. I do not think that the building is insured against a flood. The great thing we want is to get that mill in operation again."

The Gautier Wire Works, which was completely destroyed, will be rebuilt immediately. The works are owned and operated by the Cambria Iron company. The buildings will be immediately rebuilt and put in operation as soon as possible. The loss at this point is complete. The land on which it stood is to-day as barren and desolate as if it stood in the midst of the Sahara Desert. The Cambria Iron company loses its great supply store at this point. The damage to the stock alone will amount to $50,000. The building was valued at $150,000, and is a total loss. The company offices, which adjoins the store, is a handsome structure. It was protected by the first building, but nevertheless is almost totally destroyed. The Dartmouth club, at which employes of the works boarded, was carried away in the flood. It contained many occupants at the time. None were saved. Estimates of the losses of the Cambria Iron company are given from $2,000,000 to $2,500,000. But little of this can be recovered.

HEARTRENDING SCENES.

Stories Told by Survivors from the Catastrophe.

Sergeant Doyle, Corporal Jones and Privates Martz and Fording were walking along the debris about 3:30 on Monday morning, when they discovered something like a body. Sergeant Doyle attempted to pick it up, and he was horrified to find it was fearfully burned, and when he lifted the head it fell off.

He investigated further, and four more bodies—two children and a man and a woman were found. Parties who were there at the time identified them as those of Patrick Hogan and his family. Hogan's legs were completely burned, but the rest were not badly injured.

They were taken to the morgue across the river.

While the searchers were at work in Johnstown proper, they came on a house from which issued a noise.

They chopped in the roof and discovered a man in the top story of the house. They pulled him out, but he was too weak to give his name, and no one has identified him as yet.

Quite a novel scene was witnessed near Johnstown. Some women, who had managed to escape from the town proper, had to wear men's clothes, as their own had been torn off by the flood.

One poor nameless woman who looked with sightless eyes at the gray clouds from the slimy bank of a meadow just below New Florence, wore a smile that perhaps had its birth in that spirit of "Who's afraid?" which had such awful results.

An awful, mud-bedrabbled, ghastly burden was it that came in among the meadows, and yet there was a look of peace on the features that brought tears to the eyes of the rough men who found her and who fastened the body by a short string to a post.

She had lived a work-day life, poor creature. Her hands were rough, her face thin and worn, and her hair was as streaked with gray as the stormy sky just after dawn.

The Half Not Told.

The river is being cleared of the debris which is piled up on all sides. When the lower part of the town was reached, the scene presented was beyond description. Half has not been told, nor never will be, as to the extent of the awful wreck.

From the Pennsylvania railroad to Main street there is nothing standing but the stone church and the large brick school house.

The Manston house is gone and over 100 people were lost there.

From the Baltimore & Ohio depot you can see for blocks in every direction, and between the depot and the point there is standing only a part of the Morrell block and two small brick offices that were protected by the Morrell building.

The Flood's Force.

The force of the flood can be estimated by the fact that it carried three cars a mile and a half, and the tender of an engine weighing twelve tons was carried fourteen miles down the river.

A team of horses which were standing on Main street were found a mile and a quarter below the town Sunday.

Almost every one has a story of remarkable escape. On a train Michael Ronesen, an Irishman, tells a wonderful story of escape. He says he was walking down Main street when he heard a rumbling noise, and looking around, he imagined it was a cloud, but in a minute the water was upon him. He floated with the tide for some time, when he was struck by a floating timber and borne under the water.

When he came up he was struck again, and at last was caught by a lightning rod and held there for over two hours, and he was finally rescued.

Mrs. Williams tells a remarkable story. She was at a sewing machine at the time.

She heard some people crying, and jumped out of the window. She succeeded in getting on the roof of an adjoining house. She heard the cries of men and women, and saw two men and a woman with their hands just above water say, "For God's sake, either kill us outright or save us."

Mrs. Williams cried for help for the drowning people, but none came, and she saw them give up one by one.

James P. McConaghy had a terrible experience in the water. He saw his wife was safe on land, and thought his only daughter, a girl aged 21, was also saved, but just as he was making for shore he saw her and went to rescue her.

He succeeded in getting her within about ten feet of land, when the girl said, "Good bye, father," and kissed him in his arms. She reached the shore, but had to let go of his dead child.

A pretty, pale little woman told part of her sad story as she nervously clasped and unclasped her hands and cried in a heart-breaking way. Years ago, in the Virginia valley, somewhere near Winchester, the sad little soul met and loved a hard-working, intelligent engineer named Fenn, and married him some years ago. They came to Johnstown where they had a neat home. Fenn made good wages, their seven children were always well clad, and their mother lived with her life concentrated on them.

To-day she is the only one of the family alive. The father and children were drowned before her eyes.

The afternoon of the flood, Fenn went to the butcher's and passed out of this short history in the roaring waters. When the flood came into the Fenn house the mother gathered her chicks in the parlor and told them not to be afraid as God was there and would guard them.

Up came the torrent, and they went to the second floor, and again the little mother talked of hope and bade them be of good cheer, for papa—Heaven rest him!—would come soon in a boat and take them away.

Up, up, and up rose the water, and now the family were forced to the top story.

The rooms were very low, and soon the heads of the mother and children were beating the ceiling.

"Mamma," said the eldest child, "wouldn't it be better to go outside, and die in the open air?"

"Yes, dear," said the mother, "we'll make a raft, and all go down together."

She fought her own and her children's way to the window, and opened it. She caught a piece of plank and on it put the eldest child, with a hasty kiss and a "God bless you."

Then she let it float away into the darkness and the roaring of the waves.

Six times were these frail barks freighted with precious cargoes and argosies of pious trust. The children became frightened, but obeyance was part of their creed, and they made but little protest. Now came the turn of the last, Bessie, four-year-old.

One can fancy what it meant, the last and dearest. There was scarce breathing space in the room, and if haste was not made death would come at once.

To a broad plank Bessie was fastened securely, and was blessed, as the others.

"I loved them all, I loved them all," said the mother, but I had two kisses for Bessie, for she was Tom's favorite and such a good child. She put her arms about my neck and said, 'You know you said God would take care of me always, mamma, will he take care of me now?'" I told her He would, and then she was carried away.

"I'm not afraid, mamma, she called out, and I heard her, although I could not see her, and that's all. I was ready to start too, when I was torn off and I floated away. A number of Italians saved me 16 miles from here.

"We have found two of them dead, Bessie and George, and there is not a mark on Bessie's face, and oh, I am so afraid they are all gone forever, and I am going home to Virginia after these years to rest and try to think." This was only one mother of the hundreds—only one of the multitude.

ROBBING THE DEAD.

Cutting Off the Fingers of the Victims to Secure Their Jewels.

As the roads to the lands round about are opened, tales of almost indescribable horror come to light and deeds of the vilest nature perpetrated in the darkness of the night are brought to light. Just as the shadows began to fall upon the earth Sunday evening a party of thirteen Hungarians were noticed stealthily picking their way along the banks of the Conemaugh toward Sang Hollow. Suspicious of their purpose several farmers armed themselves and started in pursuit.

Soon their most horrible fears were realized. The Hungarians were out for plunder. Lying upon the shore, they came upon the dead and mangled body of a woman upon whose person there were a number of trinkets of jewelry and two diamond rings. In their eagerness to secure the plunder, the Hungarians got into a squabble, during which one of their number severed the finger upon which were the rings, and started on a run with his fearful prize.

The revolting nature of the deed so wrought upon the pursuing farmers, who by this time were loose at hand, that they gave immediate chase. Some of the Hungarians showed fight, but being outnumbered, were compelled to flee for their lives. Nine of the brutes escaped, but four were literally driven into the surging river, and to their death. The inhuman monster, whose atrocious act has been described, was among the number of the involuntary suicides.

Another incident has been brought to my notice. At 8:30 o'clock Sunday morning an old railroader, who had walked from Sang Hollow, stepped up to a number of men who were congregated on the platform station at Curranville and said: "Gentlemen, had I shotgun with me half an hour ago, I would now be a murderer, yet with no fear of ever having to suffer for my crime. Two miles below here I saw three men going along the banks stealing the jewels from the bodies of the dead wives and daughters of men who have been robbed of all they held dear on earth."

He had no sooner finished the last sentence than five burly men, with looks of determination written on their faces, were on their way to the scene of plunder, one with a coil of rope over his shoulder and another with a revolver in his hand. In 20 minutes, so it is stated, they had overtaken two of their victims, who were then in the act of cutting pieces from the ears and fingers from the hands of the bodies of two dead women. The leader of the posse shouted: "Throw up your hands or I'll blow your heads off." With blanched faces and trembling forms they obeyed the order and begged for mercy. They were searched, and, as their pockets were emptied of their ghastly finds the indignation of the crowd intensified, and when a bloody finger of an infant encircled with two tiny gold rings was found among the plunder in the leader's pocket, a cry went up, "Lynch them, lynch them." Without a moment's delay ropes were thrown around their necks and they were dangling to the limbs of a tree in the branches of which an hour before were entangled the bodies of a dead father and son. After the expiration of half an hour the ropes were cut and the bodies lowered and carried to a pile of rocks in the forest on the hill above. It is hinted that an Allegheny county official was one of the most prominent actors in this tragedy of justifiable homicide.

Later in the night a second case of attempted lynching was witnessed near Kearnville. The man was observed stealing valuable articles from the houses. He was seized by a mob. A rope was placed around his neck, and he was jerked up into the air. The rope was tied to the tree, and the would-be lynchers left him. Bystanders cut him down before he was dead. The other men did not interfere, and he was allowed to go.

The man was so badly scared that he could not give his name if he wanted to. He hurried away as soon as he recovered his breath. He was not known by anyone in the crowd.

Ex-Mayor Chalmer Dick, of Johnstown, shot a man in Johnstown for robbing a dead woman's body. The story related of Mr. Dick is that he saw the man go to the dead body of a woman and take off several rings that she had on. He pulled a revolver and fired. The bullet struck the man. He fell forward into the water, and his body was washed away by the current.

The pillaging of the houses in Johnstown is something awful to contemplate and describe. It makes one feel almost ashamed to call himself a man and know that others who bear the same name have converted themselves into fiendish vultures, preying upon the dead. Men are carrying shotguns and revolvers, and woe betide the stranger who looks even suspiciously at any article. Goods of great value are being sold in town for a drink of whisky.

A Hungarian was discovered by two men in the act of blowing up the safe in the First National bank building with dynamite. A cry was raised and a crowd collected. The cry "Lynch him" was raised, and in less time than it takes to tell it the man was strung up to a tree. Not content with this the vigilance committee riddled the man's body with bullets. He remained hanging for several hours, when some person cut him down and buried him with the other dead.

The pursuit and the shooting of two Italians while trying to rob bodies, by citizens Sunday, put a damper on the soulless pilfering for a time.

Deputy Sheriff Rose while patrolling the river bank found two Hungarians attempting to rob several bodies and at once gave chase. He found the two taking to the woods, and pulled out a pistol and shot twice, wounding both men badly.

TUESDAY'S REPORT.

Scenes Among the Dead—The Burning Ruins Defy the Firemen.

For 36 hours, without intermission, the fire engines have played upon the smoking ruins above the bridge, but the flames that break out afresh at frequent intervals in this floating field of ruins, seem to defy the subduing force of water.

Nearly 2,000 men are employed in different parts of the valley clearing up the ruins, and prosecuting diligent search for the undiscovered dead.

Their investigations are not without frightful results for the bodies of the dead, and charred sections of flood and fire are discovered with unmistakable frequency.

It becomes hourly more and more apparent that not a single vestige will ever be recognized of hundreds who were washed into the flames above the bridge.

Digging Up the Dead.

Since the last sentence was penned a party of searchers unearthed a charred and unsightly mass from the smouldering debris within 30 yards in front of the Associated Press headquarters.

Unused to such frigutful discoveries, the leader of the gang pronounced the remains to be a blackened dog, and it required the authorative verdict of a physician to demonstrate that the ghastly discovery was the charred remains of a human being.

Only the trunk remained, and that was roasted beyond all semblance to a human being.

Five minutes' search revealed fragments of a skull that at once disintegrated of its own weight when exposed to air, no single piece being larger than a half-dollar, and the whole resembling the remnants of shattered charcoal. Within the last hour a half-dozen discoveries in no way less horrifying than this ghastly find have been made by searchers as they rake with sticks and hooks in the smoking ruins.

So difficult is it at times to determine whether the remains are those of human beings that it is apparent that hundreds must be fairly burned to ashes.

Thus the number that have found a last resting place beneath these ruins can at the best never be more than approximated.

Bodies are recovered in Johnstown today that have been robbed by the ghouls that flocked to the scene. It was known that one lady had several hundred dollars in her possession just before the diaster, but when the body was recovered there was not a cent in her pocket.

Every moment now the body of some poor victim is taken from the debris, and the town, or the remnants of it, to write with accuracy, is one vast charnal house.

The scenes at the extemporized morgue are beyond the powers of description in their ghastliness, while the moans and groans of the suffering survivors, tossing in agony with bruised and mangled bodies, or screaming in a delirium of fever as they issue from the numerous temporary hospitals, make even the stoutest-hearted quail with terror.

Supply Wagons go Armed.

The Huns attacked a supply wagon between Morellville and Cambria City today. The driver of the wagon repulsed them, but they again returned. A second fight ensued, but, after a lively scrambling, the Huns were again driven away. After that, drivers and the guards of supply wagons were permitted to go armed.

The superintendents of the reservoirs have been requested to register the names of the living in order to give information of their safety to inquiring friends.

Leaving the Stricken Country.

The chamber of commerce has made arrangements with the Baltimore & Ohio railroad to transfer passengers from Johnstown to Pittsburg free of charge.

A train packed so full that it was impossible to obtain standing room on the platform, left last night.

The passengers were mostly children and women. The faces at the windows expressed nothing but relief as the train drew out from the ill-fated city.

Fully 10,000 Were Lost.

Conservative estimates this morning put the number of lost at 7,000, and many men of calm judgment, and who are not wont to exaggerate, and who have been upon the ground from the outset, place the number at 10,000.

The debris wedged against the big Pennsylvania railroad stone bridge is still burning, and the efforts of the firemen to quench or stay the progress of the flames are as futile as were those of Gulivar's lilliputian firemen.

The mass, which unquestionably forms a funeral pyre for thousands of victims who lie buried beneath it, is burning, and is likely to burn for weeks to come.

Like the Hand of Providence.

The flames are not active, but burn away in a sullen, determined way, as though bent for once upon proving how vain are man's efforts when the fire king is aroused, and perhaps, after all, the hand of Providence is in it, and the suggestion made by the physicians that the mass should be allowed to burn is daily gaining more friends.

Weeks, months will be required to remove the stupendous mass by artificial means, and meantime the rotting, putrifying remains of the poor humanity buried therein, would be dealing polution and death to all the surrounding country.

The awful desolation of the scene has been described too often already to render a repetition of the attempt here unnecessary.

These descriptions have been as truthful and as graphic as it is possible for man to make them, but none have been adequate, none could be.

Where once stood solid, unbroken business blocks for square after square, with basement and sub-cellars, there is now a level plain, free from obstruction as Arcadia after they had been swept by the British flames.

The living and prettier portion of the beautiful city has literally been blotted from the face of the earth.

Crowds of strangers were anxiously watching the wreck to-day as far up the river, on both sides, as the eye can reach.

In Need of Grave-diggers.

What is mostly needed to-day is grave-diggers. Hundreds of bodies have been pulled out of the wreck and await burial. At this writing there are at least fifty funeral processions wending their saddened ways up the mountain side, where the last that is dear to the sorrowing friends on earth is deposited in roughly dug holes in the ground.

It is impossible to obtain wagons and horses, and the funeral processions are mostly on foot. It was not an unusual sight to see two or three coffins going one after another, followed by mourners all in the same family.

It is impossible to secure wagons, etc., of any kind, consequently funeral processions are on foot.

Took Their Own Lives.

The necessity for speedy burial is becoming manifest and the stench from bodies is sickening. A number of bodies have been found with bullet holes in them, showing conclusively that in their maddening fright suicide was resorted to by many.

THE GREAT DAM.

How it Broke—Its Appearance at the Present Time.

Messrs. Park and Van Buren, who are building a new draining system at the lake, tried to avert the disaster by digging a sluice way on one side to ease the pressure on the dam. They had about 50 men at work and did all they could without avail.

The water passed over the dam about a foot above its top, beginning at 2:30. Whatever happened in the way of a cloud burst, if there was any, took place during the night.

There had been little rain up to dark. When the workmen awoke in the morning the lake was very full, and was rising at the rate of a foot an hour. It kept on rising until at 2 o'clock it began breaking over the dam and undermining it. Men were sent three or four times during the day to warn people below of their danger.

The Final Break.

When the final break came at 3 o'clock there was a sound like tremendous and continued peals of thunder. Trees, rock and earth were shot up in mid-air in great columns, and then the wave started down the ravine.

A farmer, who escaped, said that the water came down like a massive wave, and jumped on his house and beat it to fragments in an instant.

He was safe up on the hill side, but his wife and two children were killed.

At the present time the lake looks like a cross between the crater of a volcano and a huge mud-puddle with stumps of trees and rocks scattered over it. There is a small stream of muddy water running through the centre of the lake bed.

The dam is 70 feet high and the break is about 200 feet wide, and there is but a small portion of the dam left on either side.

No damage was done to any of the buildings belonging to the club, but the whole south fork is swept clean, with not a tree standing.

There are but one or two small streams showing here and there in the lake. A great many of the workmen carried off baskets full of fish which were caught in the mud.

"We were afraid of that lake," said a gentleman who had lived in Johnstown for years; "we were afraid of that lake seven years ago. No one could see the immense height to which that artificial dam had been built without fearing the tremendous power of the water behind it. The dam must have had a sheer height of 100 feet, thus forcing the water that high above its natural bed and making a lake at least three miles long and one mile wide out of what could scarcely be called a pond. I doubt if there is a man or woman in Johnstown who at some time had not feared or spoken of the terrible disaster that has come now."

AT WASHINGTON.

The Public Buildings Surrounded by Water.

The rise of the Potomac river and the flooding of Washington city distracted attention locally from the Johnstown horror. When Sunday morning broke, the water had formed a big branch of the river running through the city, between Pennsylvania avenue and the high ground on which the Smithsonian Institution, the Agricultural department building and the bureau of Engraving and Printing are situated. Through the dark hours of early morning men in small boats and on hastily constructed rafts floated backward and forward through the flooded district.

At daybreak the water had flooded Pennsylvania avenue in several places, and it was still rising. The cellars of all the stores on both sides of the lower part of the avenue and the streets south of it were flooded, and a great deal of damage was done to perishable property. The first street car that started across from the south to the north side of the city plowed its way through several feet of water, and the passengers were obliged to perch on the backs of seats to protect their feet and legs. After that experience the cars were stopped at the edge of the flood, and passengers who did not care to go around the obstruction, paid the boatman or the drivers of the high-hung wagons for transportation across. The cars running up and down the avenue continued to plow through water all day.

High water mark was reached about noon. From that time the water receded gradually. The point reached by the flood was three feet six inches higher than the highest recorded flood mark.

Memorial Day.

Memorial day was generally and fittingly observed throughout the country. President Harrison reviewed the parade at Brooklyn, N. Y. The monument to Gen. P. H. Sheridan on the grounds of the Soldiers' Home at Arlington, near Washington, was unveiled with simple but appropriate ceremonies. The monument is a plain granite shaft, thirteen feet high, bearing on its face a bronze bust medallion of General Sheridan.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

THE PUBLIC DEBT.

A Reduction of Nearly $9,000,000 for the Month of May.

The following is a recapitulation of the debt statement issued June 1:

Interest Bearing Debt.

Bonds at 4½ per cent	142,403,550.00
Bonds at 4 per cent	676,221,900.00
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	119,840.00
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000.00
Pacific railroad bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512.00
Principal	897,368,702.00
Interest	9,093,755.75
Total	906,462,457.75

Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.

Principal	$ 1,907,925.26
Interest	154,489.25
Total	$ 2,062,414.51

Debt Bearing No Interest.

Old demand and legal tender notes	346,737,458.50
Certificates of deposit	16,150,000.00
Gold certificates	129,044,662.00
Silver certificates	255,537,810.00
Fractional currency, less $8,375,934, estimated as lost or destroyed	6,916,690.47
Principal	754,386,620.97

Total Debt.

Principal balance	1,653,663,248.23
Interest	9,248,245.00
Total balance	1,662,911,493.23
Less cash items available for reduction of debt	411,889,269.24
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000.00
Total	511,889,269.24
Total debt—less available cash items	1,151,022,223.99
Net cash in the treasury	58,119,672.80
Debt less cash in the treasury June 1, 1889	1,092,902,551.19
Debt less cash in the treasury May 1, 1889	1,101,605,428.46
Decrease of debt during month	8,702,877.27
Decrease of debt since June 30, 1888	72,682,105.45

Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.

Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	129,044,662.00
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	255,537,810.00
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	16,150,000.00
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	11,156,170.26
Fractional currency	626.98
Total available for reduction of the debt	411,889,269.24

Reserve Fund.

Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000

Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.

Fractional silver coin	$25,125,295.22
Minor coin	210,422.46
Total	$25,335,717.68
Certificates held as cash	33,823,229.00
Net cash balance on hand	58,119,672.80
Total cash in treasury as shown by the treasurer's general account	629,169,888.72

THE APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made By President Harrison.

The President made the following appointments on May 29:

JOHN B. CATTON, of Lewiston, Me., to have charge of all the government business before the court of claims.

To be postmasters:

W. W. SHAW, at Texarkana, Ark.
A. SMITH, at Van Buren, Ark.
W. T. BRUSH, at Cloverdale, Col.
J. R. LEES, at Montery, Cal., vice Ingram, resigned.
A. G. BARTON, at San Pedro, Cal., office became Presidential.
JAS. A. FOWLER, at Selmo, Cal., vice Smith, resigned.
J. C. HILTON, at Erie, Pa., vice Shannon, commission expired.
J. H. HODDER, at Aurora, Ills., vice W. Corbett, resigned.
J. S. OZBURN, at Murphysborough, Ills., vice Andrews, resigned.
W. M. SNELL, at Cherokee, Iowa, vice J. V. Ward, resigned.
SAMUEL WEAVER, at Marcus, Iowa, office became Presidential.
FRANK D. THOMPSON, at Nevada, Iowa, vice Fenn, removed.
C. H. SCOTT, at Gladstone, Mich., office became Presidential.
W. HARRIS, at Lake Linden, Mich., vice Brule, removed.
E. H. EWELL, at St. Louis, Mich., vice Stiles Kendy, removed.
C. TAYLOR, at Great Falls, Mont., office became Presidential.
J. S. DOLLINGER, at Covington, O., vice George F. Lemer, resigned.
J. S. MCKINNEY, at Lewiston, Pa., vice Muttley, removed.
G. G. REES, at Olyphant, Pa., office became presidential.
H. A PARSONS, jr., at St. Marys, Pa., vice Garner, removed.
JAMES M. MARTIN, at Johnson City, Tenn., vice Scely, removed.
L. H. BEYLEE, at Goshen, Ind., vice Miller, removed.
ORLAW W. CHAPMAN, of New York, to be solicitor general.

The following appointments were made on June 4:

To be receiver of public moneys, JOHN T. CARLIN, of Montana, at Bozeman, Montana territory.

JAMES J. DOLAN, of New Mexico, at Las Cruises, New Mexico.

To be registers of land offices, FRANK E. BALDWIN, of Colorado, at Pueblo, Col.

E. F. FERRIS, of Montana, at Bozeman, Mont.

MORE STAR ROUTES.

A Fraud Detected and the Contracts Thrown Out.

In the matter of the star route contracts, suspended by Second Assistant Postmaster General Whitfield, because of apparent illegal if not fraudulent execution, the assistant attorney general for the Postoffice department rendered a decision on May 29.

He holds the entire series of contracts, amounting to some $147,000, to be illegal and void. The proposals upon which the contracts were based, and which were filed in the office of the second assistant-postmaster-general in January last, while held to be irregular in many respects, are not deemed absolutely void.

The assistant attorney general holds that based upon these proposals, new contracts, properly and legally executed with good and sufficient bonds, may be received.

The opinion of the assistant attorney general is very full and recites at length the exculpatory evidence presented by the contractors and their attorneys.

Will Not Talk.

State department officials absolutely decline to discuss the Samoan conference or the Behring sea tangle. Of the former they admit that matters are in such shape as to warrant the expectation of a speedy conclusion of the conference, the comparatively unimportant details only remaining to be adjusted.

But upon the provisions of the treaty, if a treaty has yet been drawn, they refuse to talk, further than to say that the public must receive its information respecting treaties in the usual course, viz., after action upon them by the United States Senate, to which body all treaties must be submitted for approval before they become operative.

The obvious reason for the course lies in the fact that important amendments are often made by the senate after treaties have been arranged by diplomatic officers of the treaty powers.

At Victoria.

The special committee of Congress, appointed to examine into the relations of the United States and Canada and to obtain information respecting the trade between the two countries on which to base any further legislation of an international character, arrived at Victoria, B. C., on May 28. Senator Dolph states that the committee has not yet decided whether to proceed further north or to return east.

Drew a Fortune.

A certificate for a pension was granted on May 30, to Philip Flood, formerly a private in company E, 42d Ohio volunteer infantry. The amount of arrears allowed by the pension office in his case is $13,289, his disability dating back to November 14, 1862. This is the largest first payment on record in the pension office.

Think of This, Girls.

Acting Secretary Tichenor has informed the surveyor of customs at Memphis that chewing gum manufactured from imported Mexican chickle and balsam tolu and domestic sugar is not entitledto drawback under the law because of the presence of domestic material.

The Baby Christened.

The President's grand-daughter, Mary Lodge McKee, was christened at the White House by her grandfather, the Rev. Dr. Scott, in the presence of the family, the members of the cabinet and Gen. and Mrs. Williams.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE FAR EAST.

Big Fire in Japan—A Series of Earthquakes.

The Pacific mail steamer arrived on May 28 bringing Chinese and Japanese news. Great fires are reported in Japan which occurred May 3.

At Yokoto a thousand houses were destroyed. The fire originated in the residence quarter about 10 o'clock at night and burned for 16 hours. Many lives were lost.

The emperor subscribed over £1,000 out of his own purse for the relief of sufferers. About 10,000 people were rendered homeless.

On Oshima island, an eruption took place April 13, and destroyed over half the houses on the island.

Another peculiar disease has broken out in Turkadogun, the victims dying five hours after being attacked.

A series of earthquakes was followed by the opening of the ground a thousand feet long by three wide.

Another Victim Fished up Frightfully Mutilated.

A parcel containing the lower portion of a woman's body, cut in halves, was found in the Thames on June 4. Another parcel in which were the thighs were picked up at another place. Both were wrapped in pieces of a woman's drawers, on which the name Fisher was marked.

The trunk and thighs evidently belonged to the same body, which was of a well developed person. The remains had probably been in the water for ten days. It is feared that "Jack, the Ripper," has again been at work.

The Samoan Conference.

The Samoan conference at Berlin will not meet again for several days. The commissioners have agreed to the questions at issue, and have drawn up a protocol. This has been telegraphed to the governments interested, and it is expected that replies will be received by wire. On their arrival, a final formal sitting will be held.

Report Denied.

In the House of Commons, on May 31, Sir James Ferguson, parliamentary secretary to the Foreign office, denied the report from Victoria, B. C., that three men-of-war, in the Pacific, had been ordered to proceed to the Behring Sea, in June, to protect British sealing vessels from interference by American men-of-war.

Growing Civilized.

Reports from the Congo state that the local tribal wars are ceasing. The service of the river steamers has been greatly developed and the Aruwhimi district is now under the direct influence of the Congo state government. The camp on the Aruwhimi has been completed

Commenced Action.

Counsel for the Canadian government has taken action in the federal court against the seized American fishing schooner Mattie Winship, at Halifax. Consul General Phelan has received no further news about the vessel.

Suit Postponed.

On the application of the London *Times* the Parnell libel suit has been postponed until November.

WOODRUFF'S CONFESSION.

He Tells a Straight Story for the First Time Since Arrested.

Frank Woodruff, alias Frank Black, has been taken into camp by Capt. Schnack, and he told the whole story of his connection with Dr. Cronin's murder on May 29. According to the statements he has made to the captain, he was not directly connected with the murder itself, but simply acted as the driver of the wagon which disposed of the dead man's body in the catch basin where it was found. Woodruff has been taken to the scene of Cronin's murder, and also to the sewer where the body was found and the place where the trunk was first seen.

Woodruff himself gave the driving directions to the detectives who managed the reins and in every instance located the exact places where the chief acts in the tragedy occurred. According to his confession, he was directed by those who had charge of that part of the conspiracy, and whose names Capt. Schaack reserves for reasons that are palpable, to go to Dinan's livery stable where he would obtain a horse and wagon. He had already been instructed to drive the outfit to the neighborhood of the Carlson cottage, and he also knew for what purpose he was to go there. Woodruff arrived at the cottage about 20 minutes before Dr. Cronin was driven up, and placed his horse and wagon at a point near the cottage where he could keep his eyes on the front steps.

He saw the white horse rig containing Dr. Cronin and his conductor arrive, and three-quarters of an hour thereafter the man who was known as Williams opened the front door of the cottage and gave the signal by stamping his foot on the wooden porch. Woodruff at once drove up, and assisted by the third man, the trunk was loaded into the wagon. The two men followed the trunk, and directed Woodruff, who continued as the driver, to drive toward the lake, to a certain point which Woodruff has designated to Capt. Schaack. The wagon headed for the lake, and in its depths the trunk and its contents would have been deposited had not the interruption come from the Lakeview policemen.

This smashed the original plans of the two men and immediate steps were taken to get out of the scrape in such a way. This done by taking a circuitous route which again brought them to the Evanston road. They had now been driving for nearly an hour with their ghastly load and one of the men suggested a sewer. A stop was made at the Fifty-ninth street intersection of the Evanston road. The top was taken off the man-hole on the southeast corner and the trunk lifted from the wagon. It was then a new and unexpected difficulty presented itself. While it was possible to drop the trunk with the body into the lake, it became a physical impossibility to thus dispose of the load in the man-hole.

It was resolved to take the body out of the trunk, drop the body in the catch-basin, and to return with the trunk to the cottage and burn it. But when the trunk was to be unlocked it was found that the key had been lost.

Williams said there was no more time to be lost, and he kicked in the lid of the trunk. The three lifted the body out, and deposited it in the sewer as it was found. The trunk was again placed on the wagon. It was intended to go south for a distance, and then to drive north to the cottage, and there deposit the trunk.

"Right here," said Woodruff to Capt. Schaack, pointing to the exact spot where the trunk was found, "we heard a noise of wagon wheels from the south, and the two men, one of whom had been sitting on the trunk, picked up the box and threw it out of the wagon. I was urged to whip up the horse and drive west. When we reached Fullerton avenue both men said good night to me, and left the wagon."

The remainder of the confession is devoted to Woodruff's wanderings with the horse and wagon, in his attempt to sell them. He also states in his confession that there is nothing in the woman story he had told. The enormity of the crime never dawned upon him until he had taken part in it. When he was arrested he knew he was in a "bad box." The names Ming and Fairburn were those of two old friends and they came to him on the spur of the moment. They had nothing whatever to do with the case.

THREE INDICTMENTS.

Coughlin, Sullivan, and Woodruff Held for the Murder.

Detective Daniel Coughlin, Patrick O. Sullivan, the ice man, and Frank J. Black, alias Woodruff, were indicted by the grand jury for the murder of Dr. Cronin. This result was reached after an investigation which lasted seven hours, during which two dozen witnesses were examined and a mass of evidence considered.

The three prisoners were included in one indictment, to which there were three counts; one charging them with killing Dr. Cronin with a blunt instrument, the second alleging the use of a sharp instrument, and the third instruments and means unknown.

No evidence was introduced to prove a conspiracy, and Dr. Cronin's private papers were not placed before the grand jury.

Recent Deaths.

W. R. Ruffin, who died at Valley Farm, Chesterfield county, Va., a few days ago, was a great grandson of Thomas Jefferson.

Dr. S. P. Moore, who was surgeon general of the Confederate states, died suddenly at his residence in Richmond, Va., on Friday, of congestion of the lungs. He was born in South Carolina, and in 1835 was appointed assistant surgeon in the United States. In 1843 he was promoted to major and surgeon, but at the breaking out of the war resigned at once to join the Confederate forces.

GENERAL NEWS.

STATE OF TRADE.

Review of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co's. weekly review of trade, dated New York, June 1, says: On the whole the crop prospect continues unusually good, and the markets are rapidly adjusting themselves to the assurance of ample supplies. Business at all points reporting continues large in volume and the clearings through banks show an increase of about 12 per cent over last year outside of New York.

In view of large exports of gold, and considerable realizing on sales of securities by foreign holders, the course of foreign trade is closely watched. The increase over last year in exports from New York and in imports at New York has been about 7 per cent from each, which indicates an excess of imports over exports for May of about $14,000,000, and the specie movement thus far has not nearly settled the balance thus arising. Lighter exports are to be expected for the next month, so that a considerable outgo of gold would be natural, even if there should be no withdrawal of capital on account of securities sold.

There is no apprehension of early disturbance in the money market but the bank surplus, if materially weakened during the next six weeks by gold exports, may not be strong enough to prevent serious pressure in the fall. During the past week the treasury has taken in only $200,000 more than it has paid out, and domestic exchanges favor New York.

Money at interior points is almost everywhere in ample supply, Cleveland being the only exception. Collections do not improve at Kansas City or Milwaukee, and the whole not increased.

The speculative markets have been comparatively tame, though corn has declined 1½c, oats ¼c and coffee ⅜c, while wheat, oil and pork prospects are each a trifle stronger. No change is seen in cotton. The general average of prices has declined only a fifth of 1 per cent for the week.

About 10 per cent more than last year's prices is asked for Michigan wool. The decision on the worsted question is regarded by many as insuring a more active demand for wool.

Pittsburg reports a very dull market for pig iron, with lower prices for some brands and a fair demand for manufactured iron and steel at former prices. The impression prevails at Philadelphia that bottom prices have been reached and steel rail producers are encouraged by sales of 80,000 tons or more during the week to believe that the turning point has now been reached.

In other branches of business the outlook is encouraging. There are signs of an immense production of butter and cheese, with a full demand.

The stock market, after a strong advance has been somewhat depressed by realizations, and the outbreak of a new war of rates among the roads west of Chicago is a disquieting feature, but as yet, prices have receded only a little.

The business failures number 215, as compared with 229 last week and 252 the week previous. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 205.

AMONG THE SIOUX.

Governor Foster Explains the Act of Congress to the Indians.

The first council with the Indians was held on June 3. All the prominent Indians of Cosebud agency were present as well as delegations from other Sioux agencies, including the Santo and Flandrau.

Col. Spencer, Indian agent, introduced the commissioners in a few well chosen words.

Governor foster, chairman of the commission, explained the provisions and scope of the act of Congress.

He called attention to the size of the present reservation as being out of all proportion to the needs of the Indians, and stated, that it was not the policy of the government to allow land to be held for such reservation when needed for settlement; that the strip of land 400 miles long and 200 wide along the Missouri river was a barrier between East and West Dakota, that could not long exist.

He said while the government did not propose to take their land, except with their full consent, and would pay liberally for it, that the commission hoped to be able to convince them it was for the interest of the Indians to sell their land, and that by so doing they would not only enter upon their new departure under more favorable conditions than any new people ever did before, but would also have the advantage of white settlers in their vicinity, whose example would aid them in the progress of self-maintenance.

At the request of the Indians the whole act was read. The close attention given by the Indians is evidence of the deep interest felt by all. The discussion will be long, and every point will require careful explanation before the Indians will be willing to talk themselves.

After the reading of the bill the council adjourned, giving the Indians an opportunity to discuss its provisions with each other.

WYOMING MAKES A MOVE.

The Statehood Convention Called for September 23.

Governor Warren of Wyoming, on June 3, issued a proclamation for the election, on July 8, of delegates to the constitutional convention to meet September 2. The governor, secretary and chief justice had previously divided the territory into districts and apportioned delegates among the same.

This action was taken in response to the request of the commissioners of nearly all of the counties in Wyoming, and it is in accord with the views of the prominent citizens without regard to party.

Wyoming has the population, wealth and public intelligence to entitle it to immediate admission, and its people will earnestly appeal to Cong